

The TATLER



MAR. 12, 1958

& BYSTANDER

SPRING FASHION
NUMBER



TWO SHILLINGS



(1) "FOURway" half belted

(2) "FOURway" unbelted

(3) "FOURway" tie belted

(4) "FOURway" buckle belted

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 double sided doeskins. the secret is two heavenly fabrics woven together

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TRADE MARK

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELFER

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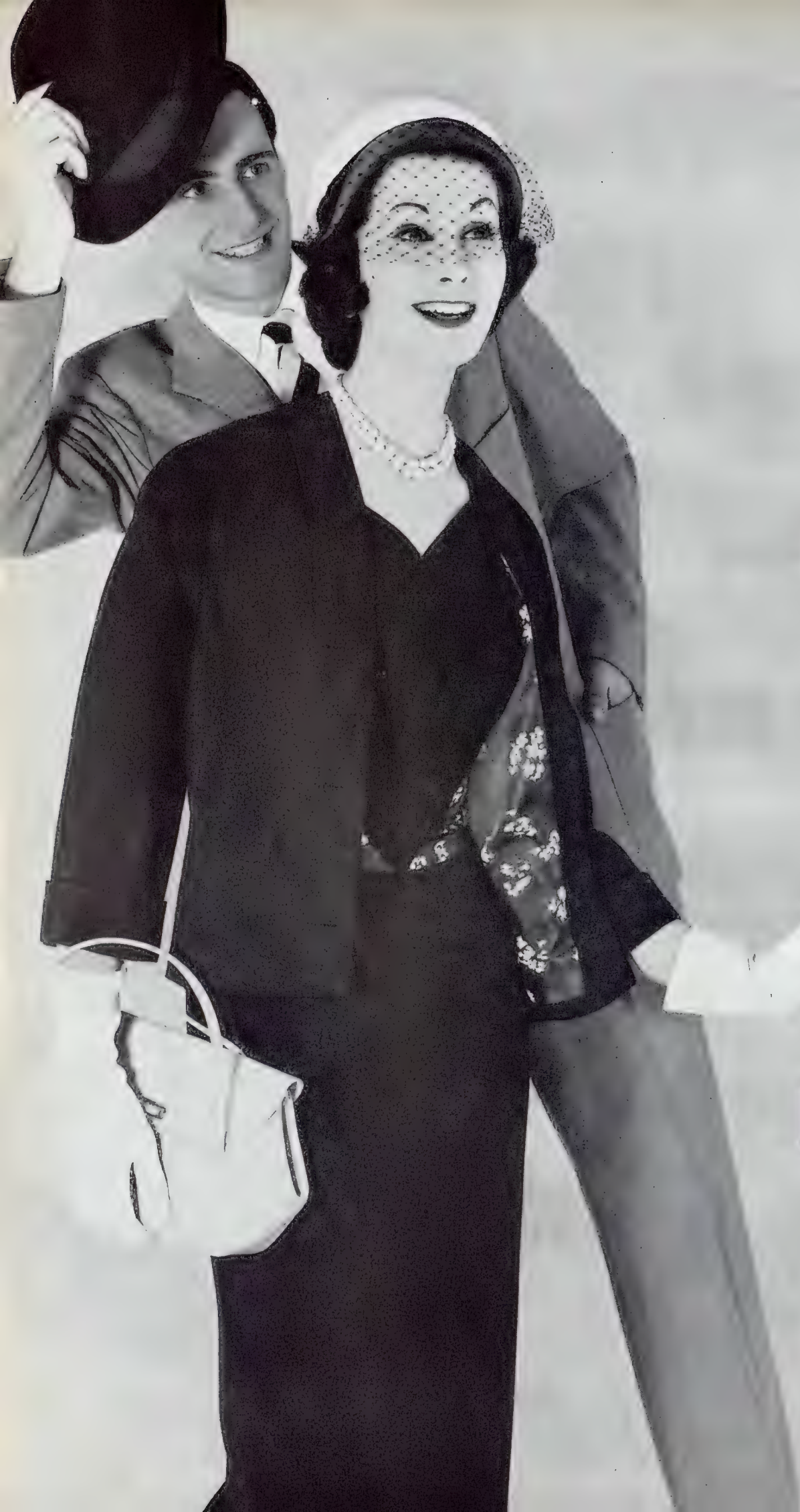
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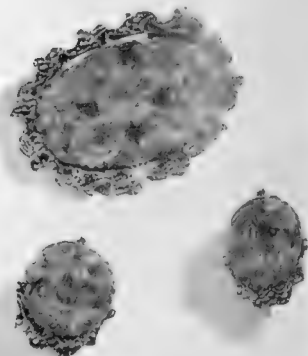
Direct from Paris, a beautiful lamé evening bag, lined with rayon satin. Two compartments and place for lipstick holder. The top-opening frame is edged with simulated pearls. In colours of gold, silver or multi-mixture of pink, turquoise, pale green, etc., 5/6 (Postage and packing 1/6)



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JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
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Photographed in the Tour d'Argent Restaurant, Paris, by Peter Clark

We chose this in Paris . . .

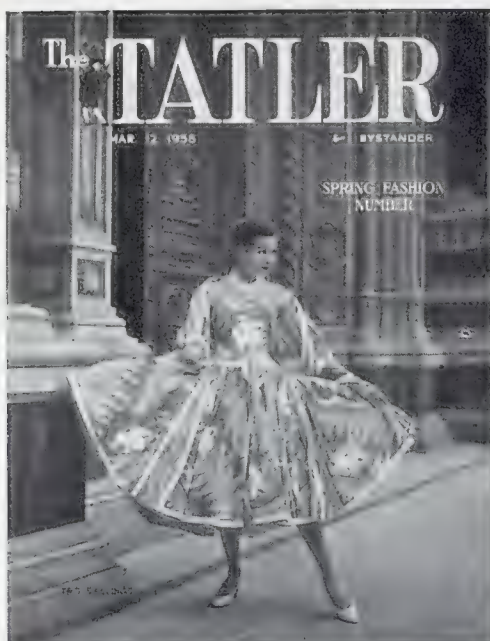
Bewitching bolero in Emba Diadem Mink,
by Lanvin-Castillo. The fronts
are softly looped from the shawl neckline
framing and flattering the throat.



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the  Debenham touch

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SPRING FASHION this year is shorter skirted, looser lined and more colourful than ever. The colour is stressed by the Italians especially and the cover shows a vivid example by the Marchese Emilio Pucci, who designs his own fabrics. His summer dance dress, shown against the historic setting of the Duomo in Florence, is printed with medieval heraldic emblems on cotton. It is available in England at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, 35 gns.

Diary of the week

FROM 13 MARCH TO 19 MARCH

THURSDAY 13 MARCH

Concert: The London Mozart Players and the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

FRIDAY 14 MARCH

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

SATURDAY 15 MARCH

Trade: The National Stamp Show opens at Central Hall, Westminster.

Concert: Handel's *Messiah*, in full, will be sung by the London Choral Society in the Royal Festival Hall, 6 p.m. The London Philharmonic Orchestra will be conducted by John Tobin on this occasion.

Point-to-Points: Pegasus Club-Bar (Kimble), Flint and Denbigh (Criccin), Percy, West Percy and Milvain (Ratcheugh), Royal Artillery (Larkhill, Salisbury Plain) South Staffordshire (Lysways Park), Suffolk (Moulton), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Siddington).

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park, Hereford, Taunton and Ayr.

Founders' Day at Harrow School.

SUNDAY 16 MARCH

Pioneer run of historic motor cycles at Brighton, Sussex.

Concert: Sir Adrian Boult will conduct Eanice Barenboim, as the solo pianist, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra at a concert in the Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY 17 MARCH

Steeplechasing at Ayr, Wye and Doncaster.

TUESDAY 18 MARCH

First Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

Presentation of degrees in the Albert Hall will be presided over by the Chancellor of London University, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. The Queen Mother will also attend the Presentation Day Service in Westminster Abbey.

Steeplechasing at Doncaster.

WEDNESDAY 19 MARCH

Second Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

Prince Philip will attend the opening performance of the London planetarium in Marylebone Road.

Exhibition of Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours at the R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

Steeplechasing at Worcester and Lingfield Park.

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by
henri



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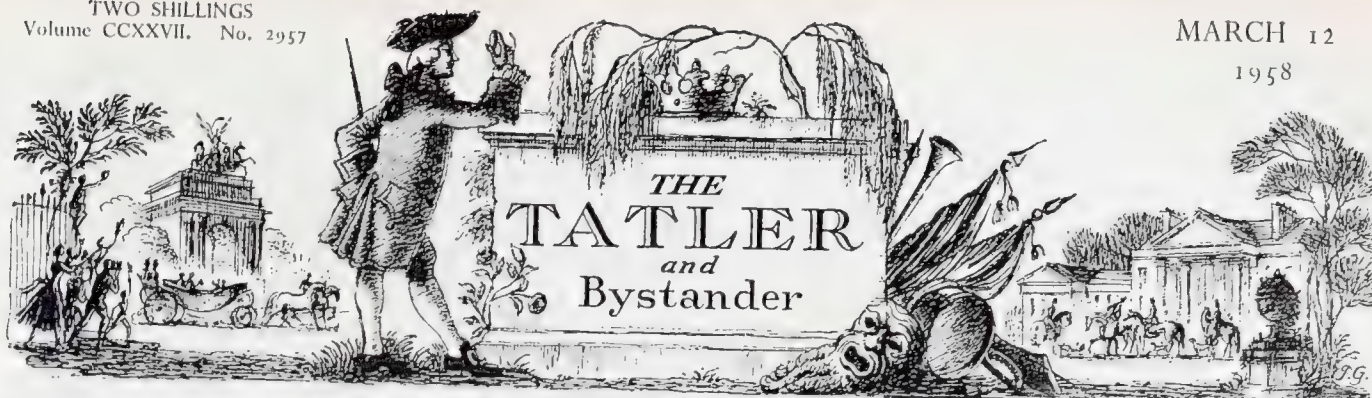
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An eastern queen in a western setting

QUEEN SORAYA is the 27-year-old wife of the Shah of Persia, to whom she was married with eastern pomp in 1951. Her maiden name was Soraya Esfandayiari Bakhtiari, and her father, Prince Khalil Esfandayiari, is

Persia's Ambassador in Germany. Queen Soraya has been visiting him there. While in Europe the Queen went skiing at St. Moritz, where she is photographed. She is keen on winter sports and also skis on the slopes of her own country

SOCIAL JOURNAL

An exciting London fashion show

by JENNIFER

FOR the past few weeks, the showing of the summer collections by members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers has been in full swing and is still going on. The first thing many women who have been away during February are doing on their return is visiting the collections and then ordering their summer clothes. The eleven members of this Society, that has done so much to put British fashion on the very high pillar on which it stands today, are Victor Stiebel, Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Worth, Charles Creed, Lachasse, John Cavanagh, Mattli, Michael Sherard, Ronald Paterson and Michael.

One of the most exciting openings was given by Mr. Victor Stiebel, who is at present chairman of the Society. I say exciting, not only for the lovely clothes we saw, but because it was also the occasion of the opening of his new and beautiful showrooms in 17 Cavendish Square. This is a most attractive house built about 1790 and believed to have been originally the home of the Earl of Bessborough's family. There are the most heavenly Adam ceilings, and Victor Stiebel has cleverly decided to keep the colour scheme of the showrooms to the basic blue and white. Over the long blue velvet curtains, with pretty drapes, are wonderful gilt ramshead pelmets. These, together with magnificent crystal chandeliers and a lantern in the first hall, are believed to have been part of the original furnishings.

Victor Stiebel, who for many years has been one of our foremost designers, makes some of Princess Margaret's evening dresses. In the collection we saw topcoats, day dresses, a number of short party dresses, and a few of the formal long party dresses which were either sheath-like with a floating panel behind from the shoulder line, or with huge skirts, often exquisitely draped. Among the short party dresses I envied one in pink-and-white-checked chiffon with a cowl neck back and front; also a dress in acid-blue slipper satin. Of the long evening dresses, my favourites were one in sand-and-green shot paper taffeta, and there was a debutante's dream—a full skirted dress of white *point d'esprit* with a black velvet ribbon slotted at the neck and waist.

The Queen prepares for Holland

Looking at this collection was the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, accompanied by her elder daughter Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, who is one of Princess Margaret's ladies-in-waiting. At the end of the collection, I noticed Lady Elizabeth having a word with Mr. Stiebel, possibly discussing the models she would be describing to Princess Margaret. Others in the audience included Lady Pamela Berry, the able and active President of the Incorporated Society, Mary Countess Howe, the Hon. Lady Lowson and her debutante daughter Melanie, and Mrs. John Profumo.

Another day I went to see Mr. Hardy Amies's collection at his delightful showroom in Savile Row, another charming old house and once the home of Sheridan, the dramatist. Here were many models I coveted both for day and evening. Mr. Amies told us that the Queen had already seen the collection. Like all well dressed women, Her Majesty likes to plan her wardrobe in good time and had been considering dresses for her state visit to Holland this month. Since then, others who have seen Hardy Amies's collection (some of whom have already ordered their choice) include the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Birkenhead, and of course her sister-in-law Lady Pamela Berry, Lady Kindersley, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Jean Garland, the Hon. Lady Carnegie, the Hon. Lady Eccles and Viscountess Bearsted, with Lady Olivier and Dame Edith Evans representing the theatre.



FROM JENNIFER'S LIST OF BRITAIN'S BEST DRESSED

Princess Alexandra at the England Ball. "Her eye for becoming clothes," writes Jennifer, "improves every year"

Before they went on their trip to Beirut, the Duchess of Argyll and her daughter, Miss Frances Sweeny, went to see Mr. John Cavanagh's successful collection. So did Mrs. John Ward before she left for California and New York. Others who have visited these showrooms in Curzon Street are Lady Daphne Straight, Mrs. Kenneth More and Mrs. Jack Hawkins.

Ronald Paterson, who has come to the fore so brilliantly in the last few seasons, has another interesting collection. Those who have been looking at his summer clothes include the Marchioness of Willingdon, Countess Howe, Lady Strathalmond, Viscountess Devonport, Mrs. Garfield Weston, Lady Joubert de la Ferte, Viscountess Runciman and Lady David Stuart, accompanied by her attractive debutante daughter Miss Flora Stuart who is sharing a coming-out dance in London on June 2 with her cousin Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart.

Mme. Vejvoda, wife of the Yugoslav Ambassador, was among those looking at Mattli's nice collection in Basil Street; also Lady Balfour, wife of our Ambassador in Brussels, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and her daughter Miss Francesca Roberti, and Mrs. Basil Mavroleon.

It is indeed fortunate for British fashion today that we have a young and elegant Queen who really takes an interest in what she wears. Her Majesty takes endless trouble choosing suitable day and evening clothes for her visits to the Commonwealth and to foreign countries. Having been present on some of these official tours, I can truthfully witness to the admiration there has always been for the Queen's clothes. Outstanding in my memory were the gasps of pleasure at the lovely coats, suits, day and, especially, evening dresses she wore during the official visit to Paris last spring. As this city is considered the home of couture, it was a great achievement for the two British Royal couturiers, Norman Hartnell and Hardy Amies, that their creations were outstanding at every function.

I name some leaders of fashion

In the United States each year, a list of what Americans consider the world's ten best-dressed women is published. The Queen was among those chosen this year. Her Majesty would certainly lead any list in this country. Two other members of the Royal Family one must add to any list of well-dressed women are the Duchess of Kent and the Countess of Harewood. I have seen them both on so many occasions, and always beautifully turned out. Princess Alexandra is following in her mother's footsteps, and her eye for becoming clothes is improving every year.

Here I am going to mention some of the women who take part in social life in England who also merit being called "well dressed." Among the



Madame Anna Hagglof is the wife of the Swedish Ambassador and daughter of Count Folchi-Viel, of Rome. She is one of the best-known among London's diplomatic personalities



The Begum Aga Khan, "always superbly dressed and the focus for all eyes." Third wife of the late Aga Khan, she was Mlle. Yvette Labrousse before her marriage in 1944. She is a familiar visitor to Epsom and Ascot



Mrs. Jackie Ward is the wife of Col. John Ward, who commands the Household Cavalry. Mrs. Ward, American-born, is chairman of the Pied Piper Ball

ladies of the Diplomatic Corps I would choose Mme. Hagglof, the Italian-born wife of the Swedish Ambassador, Mme. Schreiber, the tall and elegant wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, Mme. Mendoza, wife of the Cuban Ambassador, and the Marquise de Santa Cruz, the chic wife of the newly appointed Spanish Ambassador.

The Marchioness of Cholmondeley is always outstanding for her chic at any function, as are the Countess of Hardwicke, the Countess of Abingdon, the Duchess of Buccleuch who always looks well dressed and beautiful in town or country, the Marchioness of Willington, the Countess of Haddington and the Hon. Lady Lowson, who never fails to appear beautiful—and incidentally told me she has never had a French dress in her life!

Also I would mention Mrs. John Wyndham who chooses exotic clothes, but always chic ones, her sister Viscountess Cranborne, the Countess of Dunrobin, the Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Mme. de Heeren, the Countess of Westmorland, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, Lady Mountain, the Duchess of Argyll, Mrs. Peter Cazalet, the Hon. Lady Eccles, Lady Shawcross, wife of Sir Hartley Shawcross, Viscountess Harcourt, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Jack Thursby, Mrs. Jackie Ward, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby, Viscountess Ednam and her sister the Hon. Mrs. "Jakey" Astor, Mrs. Antony Norman, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Peter Laycock, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, and the Begum Aga Khan, who on her rare visits to this country (usually for Epsom or Ascot) is always superbly dressed and the focus for all eyes.

Among the "younger marrieds" I would include the Marchioness of Hertford, who from the start as debutante Louise de Chimay was outstanding, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, the Countess of Dalkeith, Mrs. David Keith, who lives in Norfolk, Lady Elizabeth Beckett and the newly married Mrs. Christopher Loyd. Among the very young girls, I would choose Miss Deirdre Senior, and Miss Tessa Milne, debutantes last year, Lady Lily Serena Lumley and the Hon. Janet Hamilton.

The Dominican Ambassador and his very charming wife, Mme. Luis Thomen, held a delightful reception at their Embassy in Eaton Square to celebrate Dominican Republic In-

dependence Day. This was attended by many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament. Masses of spring flowers were arranged in the hall and on the stairs leading to the first floor reception rooms. (See pictures on p. 492.)

The Ambassador Dr. Thomen, who was Ambassador in Washington from 1947 to 1954, before his appointment to London, is a keen philatelist and has one of the finest stamp collections in the world. Last year he organized on behalf of his government a stamp competition for British children with prizes valued at more than £300. At noon on Independence Day, His Excellency presented the prizes for this competition to the young winners at the Embassy.

Piano music before supper

Some of the guests at the Dominican reception went on to the Turkish Embassy in Portland Place where the Turkish Ambassador M. Nuri Birgi, a charming intellectual and artistic personality, was entertaining. First there was a piano recital by Miss Idil Biret, followed by a delightful supper party. Idil Biret, though only 17, is already a brilliant young pianist and must have a great future before her. When only four she gave a recital of some of Bach's preludes before a private audience at the Ankara Conservatoire. When she was eight, so striking was her talent that the Turkish National Assembly passed a special law enabling the government to send her abroad to study and perfect her art. This she has been doing in Paris under Nadia Boulanger.

In 1954 she won the Memorial Prize for composition awarded in Boston, U.S.A. The same year she was old enough to enter two classes at the Paris Conservatoire and passed out last year with a "Prix d'Excellence" in both courses. For her recital at the Turkish Embassy she chose "Fantasie Chromatique et Fugue" by Bach, "Les Tableaux d'Une Exposition" by Mussorgsky, "Fantaisie-schubert" by Schumann and works by Chopin, Brahms, and Beethoven.

Plans are well under way for most of the annual balls in aid of some good cause. Besides the Rose Ball on the revised date, April 28, the Royal



Mme. Schreiber, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador to Britain, is another of London's best-dressed women. Her husband, Dr. Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, has been an Honorary K.B.E. since 1926

JENNIFER *continued*

Caledonian Ball on May 19, both at Grosvenor House, and others I mentioned in The TATLER of February 19, there are also:—

The 10th Pied Piper Ball for which the Countess of Westmorland is President and Mrs. John Ward is again chairman, on May 8 at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Tickets from Mrs. Ward, c/o N.S.P.C.C., at Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2; the Red Hat Ball in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington Oval, on May 21 at Grosvenor House. Tickets from Mrs. Corbally, 58 Beaufort Mansions, Beaufort Street, S.W.3. The England Ball on May 13 at Grosvenor House; the Dowager Viscountess Galway is President of the ball, and Mary Duchess of Roxburghe and Viscountess Galway the Vice-Presidents. The proceeds go to the Preservation of Rural England Fund. Tickets from the chairman Mrs. Langley Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

Lastly the Victoria League Ball at the Dorchester on July 1, when the Duchess of Gloucester has kindly promised to be present. Mary Duchess of Devonshire is President and Mrs. John Wyndham chairman of this ball, whose object is to raise funds for the Victoria League, which does so much for students and visitors to this country from all parts of the Commonwealth. Viscountess Kilmuir is arranging the cabaret at this ball, so it should be rather special. Tickets, which should be booked in good time as they usually sell out, may be had from Col. Clarke, the Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

Another ball taking place shortly, but so far not a hardy annual, is the Cobweb Ball at the Savoy Hotel on April 24. Lady Balfour of Burleigh is the President, Mrs. Harold Huth the chairman, and the joint chairmen of the junior committee are Lady Elizabeth Stopford and Miss Francesca Roberti. This is being organized in aid of Major Richard Carr-Gomm's Abbeyfields Society for lonely old people. Tickets from Arthur Johnson, Esq., 2a Trebeck Street, W.1.

Princess Margaret chose the Dockland Settlements as the charity to benefit from the proceeds of the film premiere of *Farewell To Arms* which is to take place on March 26 at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket. Her Royal Highness has promised to attend the premiere and her cousin the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who is one of the vice-chairmen with Mrs. Gerard Leigh, is working hard to make the evening a great success. The Duke of Bedford is the chairman of the premiere committee. Tickets from the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, 2a Trebeck Street, W.1.

The County of London branch of the British Red Cross Society only hold their flag day every two years. It falls this year on May 13, and they are specially anxious to make a record collection in view of the Society's alarming deficit. Their greatest need is for flag sellers, car drivers, and capable people to help with the organization beforehand, in any of the divisional offices. These include Batter-

sea, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Camberwell, Chelsea, Fulham, Greenwich and Deptford, Hackney and Stoke Newington, Hammersmith, Hampstead, Holborn, Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, Lewisham, the Over Seas League in Park Place, St. James's Street, Paddington, St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Southwark, Stepney and Poplar, Streatham, Wandsworth, and Westminster. Volunteers with time to spare are asked to come forward to help this very good cause. Write to the Branch Officer for Appeals, Miss Joyce Goodbody, at B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.



LADY KILMUIR will arrange the cabaret for the Victoria League Ball. With her here: Col. H. C. Joel (left) and Col. Edward Heath, Government Chief Whip

English art for charity

I did not have time to tell you before I left England about the exhibition I went to see one morning at Colnaghi's Galleries in Old Bond Street. It consisted of early English water colours, drawings by Old Masters, and etchings and engravings from the collection of Mr. Alan D. Pilkington. He had kindly loaned them in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association. Helen Duchess of Northumberland is President of this Association which is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee and in commemoration going to build a nursing home in the heart of London for the care of the chronically sick and infirm. The Association already maintains one residential and four nursing homes and spends many thousands of pounds annually giving pensions and grants to needy people living in their own homes.



FASHION Planning to open a New York fashion house for English fashions, staffed entirely by English girls, are Miss Enid Channelle (right) and Miss Diana Allen. They have just been to New York to find a site





NEWS PORTRAITS



EXHIBITION Many-sided film director John Paddy Carstairs has an exhibition of paintings read for London's Leger Gallery, two books—one on painting, the other a thriller—coming out, and a new Norman Wisdom film to make



BETROTHAL A large sapphire marks the engagement of Miss Catherine Boulton, a dancer with the Royal Ballet, to Mr. Anthony Firestone, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Firestone, of the American tyre-making family. Her father is Provost of Guildford



TITLE (Left) The courtesy title of Viscountess Lewisham is inherited by Mrs. Gerald Legge. Her father-in-law becomes Earl of Dartmouth, succeeding her husband's uncle



JOB (Above) Princess Isabella, 25, daughter of the Comte de Paris, the French Pretender, has started work in a kindergarten for disabled children in Vienna. She is a nurse

CONCERT Pianist Miss Caryl Robertson, from New Zealand, will play at the Wigmore Hall next week, watched by the High Commissioner for New Zealand

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

New Look, H-line, Sack, Trapeze—at first
you may hate them, but then
you're not expected to like them . . . at first

by MAUREEN WILLIAMSON

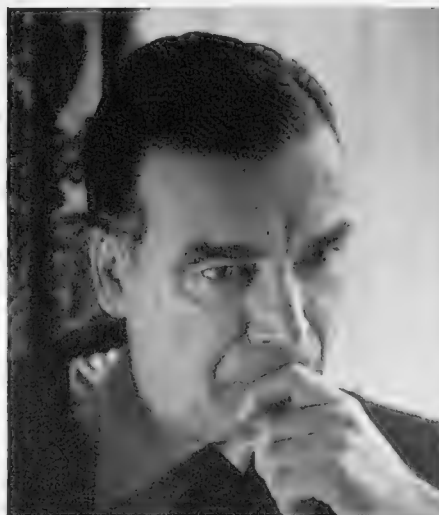
Up-to-date is two years ahead

SHE trotted down Bond Street in pointed toes, a tall pointed hat, a sack and a yard of leg. Her pert little figure undulated mysteriously beneath the undefined waistline. At least six males (English) stopped dead in their tracks. It was a dull grey day, the time about 11 in the morning, and it was a Monday. "Catch me making a laughing stock of myself like that," hissed a sensible looking woman in the bus. She straightened her calf-length skirts around her legs, forgetting the vehemence with which she declared "Not over my dead body," some 10 years ago when Dior introduced the New Look.

Most women are only prepared to accept a new line when it is on its way out and therefore no longer in fashion. There are in consequence few fashionable women. For the very word, in terms of what you wear, means today, this minute. Not yesterday, not the-day-after-tomorrow, but now. A woman who is not prepared to accept the dictates of the moment, or a modification of them, cannot be fashionable.

Nothing has shocked the eye more profoundly than changes in women's (and sometimes men's) dress. Through the centuries every innovation has been greeted with abuse, horror and often vilification. Why then do women's fashions undergo such drastic changes with such alarming frequency? Because nothing is more devastating to a woman than to go unnoticed. To stimulate masculine attention she must, from time to time, take on a new provocative appearance. In other words she (or a clever designer for her) must focus on a new area of eroticism. The obvious sequel to the orgy of emphasis on the sweater-girl type of figure and to the longish skirts we have enjoyed for some time is today's loose-fitting subtle look. The bust is momentarily played-out, so up with the hemlines and back to a bit of leg, and let's be thankful that no one has persuaded us to go back to the exaggerated *derriere* which was obviously so fascinating to Edwardian gentlemen.

Of course few women are honest enough to admit these truths. Fewer still, when they see in the newspapers and leading magazines the latest models from the internationally famous couture houses, have the trained eye to discern how fashions that appear to them as merely eccentric will in a remarkably short space of time be translated into clothes they buy in their local store. While a woman secretly loves to be



Cecil Beaton
BALenciAGA. To him we owe the bloused back, the loose waistline, the rising hems that dominate today's fashion

the centre of attraction, the fear of ridicule saps her courage. If she is married to an Englishman you can hardly blame her. He *hates* her to be noticed and will only allow her to wear a new fashion after he has seen all his friends and the boss's wife in it. That is usually two years after it has been shown in Paris.

Because of the enormous publicity machine behind the House of Dior, that name has come to signify for the average woman the ultimate in fashion. Because the designs from this house are easily adapted by our wholesale houses, being essentially feminine clothes, the late Christian Dior became accepted by the masses as "The Master." Yet, great as he was, he was the first to recognize Balenciaga as the true prophet of world fashion. It is to Balenciaga that we owe the bloused backs, the loose waistlines, the rising hems that dominate today's fashion. This Spaniard, working as far as he can contrive to remain away from the spotlight in Paris, is the

man whose basic designs you will be wearing a couple of years hence.

Inevitably the clothes he is designing today appear to all but the rare inherently chic woman, or those capable of analysing fashion, truly in the extreme—for, of course, they shock the eye. But it is to his collections that manufacturers and store-buyers flock with more excitement than to any other, for their livelihood depends on anticipating the way fashion will go a year or two ahead. Materials have to be ordered and manufactured many months in advance, summer must be planned for with snow on the ground, winter during a heat wave.

Now that fashion, through the vast wholesale trade both in this country and the United States, has become international and not merely the prerogative of the world's richest women, *couturiers* are urged to evolve changes at ever-shortening intervals. Obviously it is in the interest of buyers to persuade their customers that last season's clothes are extinct. The huge monster of the dress trade is ravenous for new ideas. Makers-up pay heavy fees to watch the Paris and Italian *couture* collections and they don't just go to find, season after season, the mixture as before. A manufacturer or buyer may see 30 or 40 collections in a few days.

If a designer has something to say, in other words a new line, he says it loud and clear, often exaggerates it, repeats it again and again. After all, if you want to press a point home at a large public meeting you don't whisper it! The professionals catch on, recognize whether it is good or bad. Not so the public. To them the picture of a distinct new line is inevitably crazy, ridiculous or hideous. And when a year later they buy a pale reflection of what so appalled them they will accept it because other women with courage and perception will have by then blazed the trail. Unfortunately by then there will be as much shock appeal in a 17½-inch skirt as there is today in the New Look—and it will probably look just as dowdy.

WHERE CHANGE IS SLOWEST

THE ROMANTIC EVENING GOWN shows fewer changes than any. A raised hemline makes this one (opposite) right up to date and contributes to the dramatic effect of the sweeping train, which falls from the *decolletage* of the bodice. By Roberto Capucci of Rome, it is in heavy moss green silk, worn over an underskirt of palest pink paper-taffeta matching the rose at the waist.



SPRING FASHION NUMBER SEE ALSO PAGES 509-518



by DOONE BEAL

All dressed up and somewhere to go



PARIS, when the chestnuts are just bursting into sticky buds in the Champs Elysees; when the flower vendors at the foot of the Madeleine steps sit over great baskets full of bright, fragrant violets and bunches of pale primroses; when the air is full of the scent of Gauloise, garlic sausage and freshly baked macaroons; when you are wearing a new spring outfit (to the conscious and gratifying admiration, let us hope, of every passing Frenchman); Paris, when the sun is shining, and you, in a delectable state of anticipation, are speculating as to where you are going to be taken to lunch. What more magically spring-like prospect?

Especially if your host is a Parisian. There is no more inspiring place in which to wear new clothes than in Paris—and no audience more appreciative than a Frenchman. His attitude towards your attire, as towards his favourite restaurant, is one of affectionate criticism, quite devoid of our beloved Englishman's "anti-new" prejudice.

And then, lunching in the company of a Frenchman, you are quite certain in the knowledge that whether he takes you somewhere seedy, fascinating and paper-tableclothed, or plushy and chandeliered, you are going to eat superb food. His advice in the matter of restaurants is invaluable, because he prides and polishes and adds to his collection like a curator. But on this sunny spring day he will probably, with flattering perception, take you and your new clothes somewhere where they will be seen to advantage. To the Vert Gallant, for instance. This enchanting riverside restaurant on the Ile de la Cite is at its best on a warm spring day, when you sit on a sheltered terrace and watch the willows dapple the water in the sunlight, the boats chugging up the river.

The menu is enormous, but there is nowhere else in Paris where they do a *souffle de barbue* quite like the one which is a speciality of the Vert Gallant. The firm white fish is embedded in a light cheese *souffle*, with a hollandaise sauce poured over the top. This exquisite combination of two items which are, in themselves, such a *tour de force*, makes the culinary imagination boggle but only adds to the pleasure of the food. An agreeable follow-up to this dish is a simple *carre d'agneau*, with baby spring vegetables. The decor of the restaurant is pale, bright and infinitely luxurious, as are the prices. But for the benefit of intending visitors, current opinion in Paris has it that the price gap between the increasingly expensive bistros and that of the great restaurants is narrowing to an extent which makes the excellent food and service offered by the latter quite worth the extra cost. "If I cannot afford this," remarked my host, "I prefer a sandwich in a cafe."

If you want to get off the beaten track and see a part of Paris which has remained inviolate from the tourists, get your host to take you down to the Ile St. Louis. It has all the appeal of a self-contained little village. The river glints round every other corner of the narrow streets that criss-cross the Ile; streets lined with clutters of little shops, selling delectable *pates* and meats behind beaded doorways; wines and liqueurs stacked in cobwebbed bins; yellowing books and old prints; and the odd art shop—for this is a great favourite with painters. This little tour is an excellent

THE OBELISK of the Place de la Concorde provides a Paris backdrop to this spring outfit, a silk two-piece in blue by Castillo at Lanvin. It will be stocked shortly by Debenham and Freebody

preamble to lunch at the nearby Bossu, which is an intimate gastronomic haunt of writers and politicians, heavily patronized by the knowing.

The great dishes of the house are the famous *quiche de homard*, followed either by chicken done in a cream and tarragon sauce (unforgettable), or the dark, rich *boeuf au jerez*. It is a tribute to the raspberry *souffle*, with which you might reasonably complete this repast, that I once saw a French girl, in tears after a lovers' quarrel, polish off her partner's unheeded plateful after she had finished her own.

It pointed a distinctly Gallic moral.

A favourite rendezvous to which I was first taken by a Frenchman is the Moscou, in the rue Jean Giradoux—just off the Champs Elysees. It is the oldest *etablissement Russe* in Paris, loaded with atmospherics and nostalgia, magnificent old swords and prints lining the walls. It is also the only place in which I have ever eaten enough caviare. You can choose from half a dozen different varieties of red and black, served with hot blinis (little fat pancakes), and lashings of sour cream, washed down with iced pink vodka. If you do not lose your head completely over this marvellously reckless dish, you might have room for one of the many herb-scented kebabs, cooked over a wood fire and brought to the table on a long sword.

On a warm, sunny Sunday your host may take you to one of Paris's most elegant country inns, the Auberge de la Moutiere at Montfort L'Amoury: about an hour's drive from the city. The setting is luxuriously pastoral (there is a mulberry tree growing in the dining room), and a charming garden restaurant outside. The standard of dress, informal and *sportif* though it is, is distinctly competitive. If, like me, you have sometimes wondered where really elegant Frenchwomen hide—for the Dior/Balenciaga influence is surprisingly thin on the ground, to the casual observer—here, indeed, are *les femmes chic*, and quite an object lesson, too.

Lunch at the Auberge is a long and leisurely affair. Afterwards, the custom is to sit on the lawn and dream the rest of the afternoon away in an enormous canvas rocking chair. (Don't ask me how the Balenciaga ladies keep their figures.)

A pleasant outdoor restaurant, rather more accessible, is the Pre Catalan, in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne. One feels quite anachronistic in arriving there by motor or taxi, such is the aura of horse-drawn carriages which once bowled round the Bois, depositing Edwardian ladies of the most expensive virtue at the foot of its terrace steps. It has a great air of grandeur and space, a place to visit as much for its setting and entertainment value as anything else. You can dance there in the evenings.

Your evening escort would be inclined to take you somewhere where there is a "spectacle" thrown in for the price of the food. This is a new and growing trend in Paris, which quite surprised me out of a number of preconceived notions about the Frenchman's single-mindedness in regard to his food. But the "spectacle" they have in mind is not one of the whopping shows, such as the Lido, for which Paris is a by-word. More likely, an intimate, regional type of restaurant such as the Auberge Basque in the rue Verneuil, where you eat *Poulet Basquaise* and Monsieur Pierrot strums on his guitar the music of his native St. Jean de Luz. Or perhaps the Cannibal, in the rue de Lille—just off the river on the left bank. Here, you drink a white spirit out of coconut shells; eat West African foods such as paw paw and other tropical fruits, and a variety of curry and rice dishes. There are flame-eating dancers, plenty of drum-beaten music, bold Negro decor.

If you are in theatrical company you might find yourself, around ten in the evening, dining at the Elysees Matignan. This is the most famous theatrical dining club of Paris, the haunt of Dietrich, Bardot, Chevalier, Gabin, Jean Marais—of practically any actor after the theatre. The atmosphere is informal and professional, and there are no flash-bulbs.

I have left my favourite—and, to me, the most typically Parisian restaurant of all—to the last. In the rue Delombre, a little side street off the Boulevard Montparnasse, Chez Jacques is the kind of restaurant that people sigh over as a memory of pre-war Paris, for there are, alas, very few such small family businesses left. He cooks all day, and Madame serves, in a supremely complementary partnership. His twelve tables are usually crowded with a regular clientele of diplomats, politicians and artists. You sit up at the tiny bar, and have just time to consume two of the best dry martinis in Paris while you order your food from a menu written in spidery violet ink.

His specialities—perfected over 25 years in the selfsame restaurant—have never substantially changed. Hot *ramequins*, for instance, which are miniature cheese *souffles*, baked in a pastry case; veal chops sautéed in butter with freshly made noodles; sole done with cream and tarragon. Like the restaurant, the menu is small but perfect, beloved by those who know it. The kind of place, in fact, that only a true Parisian would take you to.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS is
held over until next week



A large straw hat decorated with silk roses and other flowers. Simone Mirman, the Royal milliner, showed it in her spring collection. Below are other examples of her work

SPRING HATS



This beige shell turban has a veil which gives it an exotic touch



A jaunty tambourine hat in grey and white, with more flowers



A white-pleated veiling pagoda. It has a white organza band and navy velvet strap

Dominicans celebrate freedom day

Independence Day for the Republic of Dominica was marked by a reception at their Eaton Square Embassy. Beside the Dominican flag: the Ambassador, H.E. Senor Dr. de Thomen, and his wife



H.E. M. Leon Guerrero, the Philippines Ambassador, and his wife signed the visitor's book on arrival



Dr. McNeil Robertson with his wife (left) and Senorita Maria Perdomo, First Secretary at the Embassy



Senorita Myriam Estenssoro, H.E. Senor Dr. Don Victor Paz Estenssoro, the Bolivian envoy, and his wife



Senor Eduardo Leon, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Embassy, and Sra. Leon



The Peruvian Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Ricardo Schreiber, and Mme. Schreiber, who wore a Persian-lamb coat



Mrs. D. Hildyard, whose husband is in the American Department of the Foreign Office, and Sr. H. Manrique, Colombian Counsellor



Mr. Tufton Beamish, Conservative M.P. for Lewes since 1945, listening to the speeches with Mrs. Beamish

Desmond O'Neill



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright

The fireside of a soldier's wife

WIVERTON HALL, Nottinghamshire, is the home of Lady Graham, whose husband is Sir Miles Graham, K.B.E., C.B., M.C. They were married in 1943, shortly after his appointment as Chief Administrative Officer to Field-Marshal Montgomery. Maj.-Gen. Graham, who was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, is now an industrialist with interests ranging from the Greyhound Racing Association Trust to A. C. Cossor, the radio and electronics firm. Lady Graham was formerly Miss Irene Francklin. She takes a lively interest in local activities, and her home is regarded as one of the most beautiful in the Midlands



Desmond O'Neill

Paintings and porcelain in a penthouse

ITEMS FROM THEIR COLLECTION of porcelain and French Impressionist paintings form the setting for this picture of Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, wife of the shipowner. She poses in the drawing-room of her London penthouse, which is one of their six homes. They have houses in Athens and Paris, a chateau at Antibes, and estates on Long Island and in Bermuda.

Mrs. Niarchos is the sister-in-law of Mr. Aristotle Onassis, another leading shipowner. The fleets of Mr. Onassis and Mr. Niarchos are largely responsible for giving the West African Negro republic of Liberia, under whose flag a number of their ships sail, the largest tanker tonnage of all. Last month Liberia displaced Britain's tanker tonnage from leading place



I shepherded stars

by ERNEST BETTS

AMONG those careers which I never find advertised anywhere is that of shepherding film stars through their interminable arrivals, departures, hangovers, marriages, divorces, successes and flops. This career exists, and it has the charm of being closely related to expense accounts and public relations. Part of the fascination is that in the film world the abnormal is the normal. It is a good working rule that all feminine stars, especially the American ones, are difficult, beautiful and helpless. They are encouraged in their helplessness by their Hollywood bosses who have laid it down as an axiom that no star must ever be left alone, anyway while working, for you never know what they will say or do. Besides, it is part of the personality cult; it builds up the myth of the super-engaged ego. Hence the hordes of shepherds who meet them at airports, waft them into Claridge's or warm around them at film premieres.

As a graduate in the shepherding business I recall being tangled up with one of the Michael Wedding weddings—it was the one to Elizabeth Taylor. For various reasons it had been planned at the worst possible time, shortly after the death of King George VI. Of course, there must be no publicity at such a moment. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who had, as it were, a part interest in the wedding—for Elizabeth was under contract to them—sent over the most extraordinary cables saying the whole thing must be private, a message received with uproarious glee by the various shepherds operating in London.

I had never known of a case in which a film star's wedding had been kept quiet. The bride and bridegroom were not terribly helpful: they would not postpone the wedding. They just asked for it to be kept out of the newspapers. Not a word, and no mention of Caxton Hall on any account. Useless to say all this was im-

possible; indeed, lunacy. And the fact was, that by sternly suppressing all news of the wedding about 10,000 people turned up in Westminster to see it. Women fainted and police fell under cars and nothing could have been better for the photographers. Next day, to the consternation of the shepherds, pictures of the seething crowds storming the bridal chariot were published everywhere. And underneath them the words: THEY CALLED THIS A PRIVATE WEDDING. I was congratulated on an uncommon feat of public relations.

Sometimes the problem is not one of concealment but simply of moving an illustrious body from one place to another by a certain time. But time is never certain with a film star and it requires a kind of genius to explain what the words "Eight o'clock" mean. Airports have an even worse effect upon them. They are convinced that London Airport is in London, and can you blame them? Once there, almost anything can happen.

I arrived at the airport one morning with Susan Hayward. She was on her way to Paris. There was much bowing and a certain amount of scraping by officials and off she went, it seemed, to a perfect take-off. I was leaving the airport a few minutes later when a Customs officer approached me in a menacing manner with the astonishing words: "Until Miss Hayward's dog is removed from the plane we are not prepared to take off." "Miss Hayward hasn't got a dog," I said. "Miss Hayward has a dog," they said, "and it is in the plane."

It was so; and it was a grave offence against Customs regulations. After I had left her, Miss Hayward had apparently said goodbye to a boy friend. The friend had produced a small parcel from under his coat and surreptitiously handed it over to her, and this parcel was a dog.

Miss Hayward, being an actress, had no difficulty in acting the part of a girl without a dog and entered the plane in that character. Then the little beast had barked and gave the show away. The dog was confiscated, Miss Hayward burst into tears and was forced to fly on alone, the pet following in another plane.

Film stars can even get lost altogether. Richard Widmark and his wife, when they first came to England, were lost on Waterloo Station owing to the platforms being so oddly numbered. Widmark has that lost look in his eye anyway, and later was picked up undamaged. But the loss of a star is considered quite an offence by the film companies who own them and should be avoided by those entrusted with their care.

When a film star arrives in London with a baby, the wise shepherd generally discovers that he has something else to do, for on top of the madness of the acting temperament he will have to cope with the hallucinations of the mother. In that case he calls the police, his wife, almost anybody within reach. When Pier Angeli and her husband Vic Damone were here on a visit with their brand-new baby, their flat in Belgravia was twice burgled. Naturally they thought that the next thing to be burgled would be the baby. There was much sadness and hysteria and Vic asked me some serious questions about the position of babies in England and how often they were torn by savages from their parents. Fortunately they moved to another house and I am happy to say the baby was unbursed. But I felt much older after this.

The shepherds' union would probably confirm that Marlene Dietrich is a star who cannot be shepherded. She is beyond the reach of crooks. As a professional film star she knows so much, and she knows that she knows so much. In the studio she is a sort of encyclopaedist, learned in every department of filmcraft and frequently superior to the technical gentry. An amusing thing happened when Marlene was making a picture over here a few years ago with James Stewart and Kenneth More. One day she did not approve some of the dialogue and she took a page or two of it back to Claridge's to get it rewritten. The next morning she showed the revised pages to the director. "I do not like it," said he, nettled. "Oh?" said Marlene, in her Blue Angel voice. "That is strange. You see, this dialogue was specially written for me by Noel Coward."

Perhaps this is another reason why the shepherd's trade is never advertised. It is known in advance that there will be no replies.



BRIGGS



by Graham



by FAY HALL

I paint my first picture

AT 27 why had I never painted a picture? This thought occurred to me as I strolled past a poster inviting artists to submit work for an exhibition in Liverpool. The idea buzzed in my head for two or three days, after which I tried it out on Rosamond. She had been to an art school, designed book-jackets for a publisher, and painted some attractive landscapes in oils. Thus it was with misgivings that I remarked to her in my most casual manner: "I'm thinking of painting a picture."

Rosamond's reaction was immediate, spontaneous and reassuring. "I can't understand why you've never tried before," she said. I suppose she had in mind that only the week before I had flown to Paris for the afternoon simply to see a collection of pictures.

Fortified by this encouragement, I ventured into a shop selling artists' materials, and informed the saleswoman with a smile that I was starting oil painting and wanted everything she could sell me. I was, in fact, a potential goldmine if the right assistant had got hold of me. I had not, however, got hold of the right assistant. She gave me a frigid stare, and said distantly: "In that case you won't want the artists' quality goods."

"Oh, but I do," I protested. Then followed an exhausting battle of wills. She pulled out a tray of paints, and I immediately pounced on a red—Rose Madder. The name thrilled me as much as the colour.

"That," said the woman icily, "is the most expensive. I should have another one if I were you."

"This one," I replied silkily, "happens to be the one I want."

I stuck to my guns over the Rose Madder but was, I am ashamed to say, worsted over a canvas. She simply would not let me have one. I had to be content with something called Daler board, not because it was easier to work on, but simply because it was cheaper.

I bought a charcoal pencil for the preliminary drawing, and then asked what sort of thing artists used for rubbing out.

"Rubbing out?" repeated the harpy, raising her eyebrows incredulously.

"Yes." I gesticulated vaguely. "For when they make mistakes."

She looked me up and down from head to toe, and said, enunciating her words as though she were dropping pebbles into a pond: "They . . . don't . . . make . . . mistakes."

I got out of the shop as quickly as possible.

In due course Rosamond filled the gaps in my equipment and I began to draw. I didn't dare ask anyone to sit for me, so I sat down in front of a mirror, and grinned at myself in a fairly friendly manner.

At last the fateful evening arrived when I was ready to start painting. All I had to do first was to fix the charcoal sketch. I took out my little bottle of fixative, and unwrapped the newly bought spray-diffuser. What a curious implement! It reminded me slightly of a television aerial. I turned it this way and that, looked up it and down it and through it, and held it to the bottle of fixative in the hope that it might, like some magician's toy, be magnetized into performing the desired action in the correct manner. Nothing happened.

Near to tears, I rushed to the telephone and dialled Rosamond's number.

"I'm here, all ready to spray," I blurted out, "and I can't for the life of me see how the thing works."

There was a restrained chuckle, and Rosamond's patient voice said: "I had a feeling you weren't listening when I explained about the spray. Now, begin by bending the two tubes together to form a right angle."

I followed her instructions breathlessly, point by point.

"Now blow," she ended.

"I'm blowing," I cried exultantly, feeling like the first whale that ever was. A finely sprayed coating of fixative had, in fact, appeared on the wall-paper above the telephone.

This was only the first of innumerable difficulties in painting my picture. First of all, light. Since I work in an office during the daytime, my hours for art usually seemed to be from nine o'clock in the evening until midnight, or later. This meant painting by the light of a bedside lamp. Sitting in front of a mirror, with the gay, friendly smile on my face becoming more and more of a fixed leer, I wondered desperately whether the shadows round my nose were mauve or chocolate; it was impossible to tell.

For every sitting I wore a pair of red ear-rings. Only one ear was visible in the picture; but dimly I felt that an omission to put on the second ear-ring would have shown a lack of artistic integrity.

It soon became apparent that the picture could not truthfully be described as a self-portrait. I had drawn the face a little thinner and the eyes a little larger. But apart from that the thing had a definite life of its own, and I affectionately christened it "Jemima"—because I felt no one could be expected to take it seriously. It had a slightly sardonic expression, and its eyes seemed to follow me about in a disconcerting manner.

Indeed, life with Jemima in a small bed-sitting-room became increasingly difficult. When I woke up in the morning there she was, perched on her easel grinning at me, and irritatingly wide-awake. I had to move her, of course, before I could get to the wash-basin; then she was in the way when



MISS HALL works in the office of a big firm of City solicitors and lives during the week in a South Kensington bed-sitting-room. She says she is a bad secretary, but has talent for drawing-room singing and languages. She can write, too



I wanted to make my bed, and finally, but with unfailing regularity, I would trip over one leg of the easel as I switched on my electric cooker.

To my delight and surprise, Rosamond took to Jemima at their first meeting, and, though she watched the various faults grow she preserved an indulgent affection for her. "You could never feel depressed," she said, "with Jemima in the room."

I was so emboldened that I showed the finished (the debutante) Jemima to my sister, before sending it off to the Liverpool exhibition. My sister's reaction was stronger than I had expected—to be exact, she screamed and almost had to be treated for shock. Her comments when she regained her composure were to the effect that nobody could live with such a picture, that it was evil, that Jemima was an uncanny personification of my other, sinister self, and that her expression was blatantly seductive. (As though this could upset me.) However, I thought Jemima was beginning to look rather foolish, so I hastened to point out that she was a happy, straightforward kind of girl really, and if you looked at her from the right instead of from the left, her expression was quite innocent. My sister was not convinced.

When Jemima was packed off to Liverpool, I re-read the rules of the exhibition and perceived that in some cases a prize-winning picture was purchased for the art gallery. I became tormented by the thought of winning £1,000 and losing Jemima for ever. But my fears proved to be groundless. A notice duly arrived saying that Jemima was back in London. Would I please collect her as soon as possible? I went along gloomily during my lunch-hour.

There were thousands of pictures, big and small, and it took time to find Jemima—time during which my taxi was ticking away outside. When at last she was found and handed to me, I could not restrain a slight shudder. She was more of a shock than I had remembered. However, when I took another look at her inside the taxi, the old perverse affection returned, stronger than ever. Glad to have you back again, after all, I thought. And Jemima—well, I could have sworn she winked at me.



Van Hallan

A midnight matinee of *Where's Charley?* was held at the Palace Theatre to launch a cancer research fund in memory of Jack Buchanan. The Duchess of Kent was received by Mrs. Buchanan, the actor's widow

A midnight matinee



Mr. Richard Sewell and (right) Mrs. Sewell, just back from their honeymoon, were with Miss Elizabeth Joste Smith



Sir Charles Norton, Mayor of Westminster, and Lady Norton with Miss Jane Baxter, the actress

Mr. J. Lee Thompson, the film director, with Miss Yvonne Mitchell, who was lately nominated Actress of the Year

Mr. Trefor Jones, the internationally famous Welsh tenor, and Mrs. Trefor Jones were also there





A cocktail party was given at the Royal Thames Yacht Club's Knightsbridge premises by the Royal Yachting Association.
Above: Mr. Rodney Carritt, of Lloyd's Y.C., and his wife



Miss Santa Raymond, who sails Swallows, Mr. Bruce Donald and Miss Gavin Anderson, owner of the Firefly Firewood. It was the biggest cocktail party of the year for yachtsmen



Mr. Peter Methuen, Mrs. Michael Crean and Mrs. Peter Methuen, who sail in the Solent. Progress with fitting-out was the chief topic of the evening



A leading British helmswoman, Mrs. J. A. Caulcutt, Cdr. G. Hans Hamilton, who once owned Bloodhound, and Mrs. Farrant Gillham, wife of the Commodore of the Royal London Y.C.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellsworth Jones of Esher—he owns the new yacht Casquet—with Major P. Snowden, honorary secretary of the British Dragon Association



Mr. W. M. Mackinlay, of the Royal Yachting Association council, Sir Alastair Young, Mrs. J. Romer-Lee, Mr. F. P. Osborne, R.Y.A. secretary, and Mr. P. V. Mackinnon

Desmond O'Neill

A
yacht
club
has a
party

A sports club has a ball



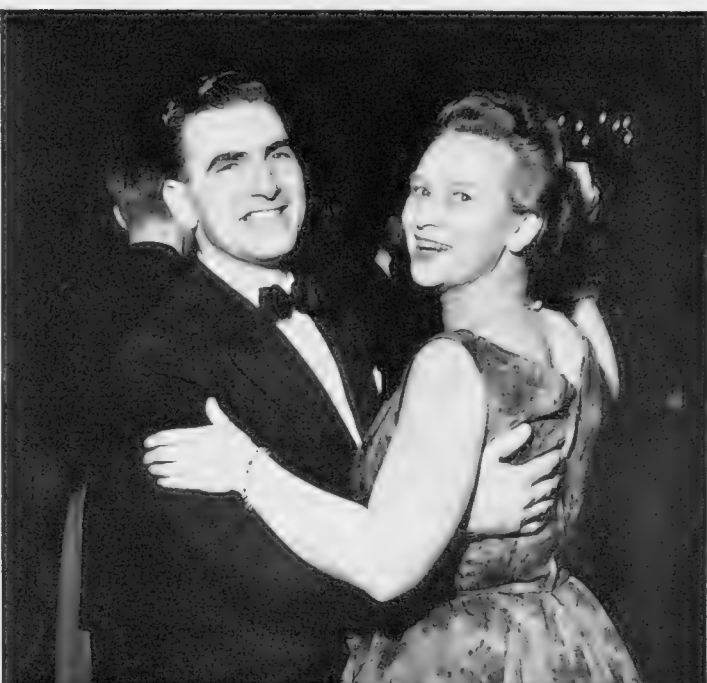
The newly restored Adam Room was a popular sitting-out spot at the Lansdowne Club Spring Ball in Berkeley Square. Mr. M. A. Hissey and Miss Jane McInnes were two of the guests



Lt.-Cdr. C. R. Manasseh, R.N. (retd.), an engineer with the Wakefield Oil Company, with his wife. She is the daughter of Sir John Hathorn Hall, a director of many companies including the Midland Bank



Mr. Simon Langdale, a third-year student at St. Catharine's, Cambridge, dancing with Miss Frances Hiscox



Mrs. M. A. Glen-Haig, the Olympic fencer and former British Empire champion, with Mr. Alex Spence, who is a surgeon

Major P. D. Krolik, chairman of the Lansdowne Club. He is also well known on the Stock Exchange. With him is Miss Sheila Mark



Mr. G. N. Vecsey, an engineer, with Mrs. Vecsey. There were 200 at the ball and decorations everywhere were springlike, as this vase of flowers



Van Hallan



TOUCH IT LIGHT (Strand Theatre). A compendium of all the favourite army jokes, this comedy gains from the unexpected addition of style. It mingles the fortunes of the press-ganged cook (Harry Locke, left) who finds delight in his work, with those of the N.C.O. (Victor Maddern, second left), rough-spoken, but with a heart of gold. The man of the world (Peter Jones, extreme right) who has seen the inside of jail willingly expounds his views to a comrade (Arthur Lovegrove). Drawings by Glan Williams

THEATRE

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Mr. Sharrow's formula for a goldmine

THERE is no fool-proof recipe for writing a popular play—or I should have spotted it long since, and become a popular playwright. If there is one, I suspect that it has to do with the slinging together of jokes that the army uses during a war into hilarious and nostalgic entertainment. This is Mr. Robert Sharrow's line in *Touch It Light* at the Strand, and there is hardly any doubt that the result is a popular play.

The thought that it will run for months and months gives me pure, ungrudging pleasure. I don't for a moment feel that Mr. Sharrow has done what it would have been easy for any of us to do, and has got away with murder. He has brought off not only a popular play, but a good play. It will be popular because it is very funny, and it is a good play because the characters are not only funny but touching.

All the routine of life in a searchlight unit stationed on the Channel in 1942 is easy enough to picture, and in fact there seems very little difference between one army routine and another as represented to playgoers. The cook is always the butt of the men he is supposed to feed, a sentry is always popping in to complain angrily that he has been forgotten, the cocoa prepared for someone has always been scoffed by someone else, the serious card players are always cursed by having to play with a moron who is incapable of distinguishing clubs from spades, and, however much or little exposed to danger the dug-out or the hut may be, the real trouble is boredom.

Mr. Sharrow gets this sort of thing amusingly right. He has no kind of story to tell, and he reserves the inevitable dive bomber for the final curtain; but what makes his play tick is that the

six men trying to "take the mickey" out of the bombardier who is doing his best to maintain discipline, are not merely members of the searchlight unit: they are civilians who have already been shaped by other ways of life and, though now set to do the work of military heroes, are developing no very acute sense of their new vocation.

The army, for nearly all of them, exists simply for their convenience. It has made one of them a cook, and he has found such delight in turning out "beef souffles" that his only concern is to get away on a course and equip himself for employment in a first class hotel as a chef. He is a civilian opportunist in army uniform. Another member of the unit is the anxious lover. He spends his time writing to his girl, who is someone else's fiancée, always in trouble with difficult words like "paradise"; and because the girl does not write to him often enough he deserts. There is the cheery ex-lag who is always willing to steal anything from ducks for Sunday dinner to a porcelain bath, indefatigably in pursuit of his

civilian interests. And there is the ex-lag's brother who impulsively lets himself be married in January and has to be forcefully restrained from committing bigamy in July with a village girl who is going to have a child by him. The only good soldier in the unit is the bombardier, but he is a little too stupid and a little too good natured to be an effective disciplinarian, and he has private troubles of his own. His wife is a sergeant, and he is painfully jealous of her astonishing military career.

Mr. Sharrow is concerned in the main to get all the fun he can out of the oddities of these men, but he has also a serious point to make. His case is—and it is not as condescending as it sounds—that ludicrously as they behave, the men of the unit are not a bad lot at heart. They may be ordinary men required to do the work of heroes, but when the testing moment comes they mostly do extraordinarily well. Long before that moment the playwright has contrived to make an oblique but enormously effective statement of his case. He introduces, in the person of Mr. Jon Pertwee, a strutting parody of military romance, a dashing young lieutenant who handles the men of his unit with an unflagging facetiousness which his "legionnaires" perfectly understand and which makes him free of their confidences in every crisis. It is chiefly through the comic panache of this character that the author establishes the point that the unit, though known officially and absurdly as *Lionheart*, is not altogether unworthy of its name. There is much excellent deadpan acting from Mr. Victor Maddern, Mr. Arthur Lovegrove, Mr. Peter Jones, Mr. John Briggs and others; and the piece is skilfully produced by Mr. Basil Dean.



As Ogleby, the young subaltern, Jon Pertwee has been highly praised

On stage and on the air

BACK TO BALLET at Covent Garden, after an absence of two years, is Robert Helmann. He is dancing in *The Rake's Progress* before leaving for an Australian tour



OPENING IN LONDON next Tuesday at the St. Martin's is *The Kidders*, in which Miss Faith Brook and her brother Lyndon Brook (together left) appear. They were in the original production at the Arts Theatre. Right: Moira Lister, who is married to the Vicomte d'Orthez, is to read Alan Burgess's book *The Small Woman* in ten episodes on the B.B.C. She did some readings recently for the British Festival Season in Holland, and is appearing in the comedy *Paddle Your Own Canoe* at the Criterion



Houston Rogers



Flapper fashions were worn again at the 1920s ball in aid of the National Association of Mixed Clubs & Girls Clubs. Mr. Gary Hardstaff and Miss Rosemary Swire, who are in advertising, danced the Charleston

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.*
MARCH 12,
1958
502



Miss Wendy Lewis, a model, wore a green flapper dress at the ball. The ball took place at the May Fair and a buffet supper was served



THE
TATLER

At a 1920s fashion ball



Miss Barbara Peacock, who is a model. With her is Mr. Paul Adam, the Mayfair bandleader

Mrs. Alexander Taft, who organized the Ball, wore a dark-pink flowered dress. With her is her son, Mr. John Taft

Mrs. B. Lagden and her husband, who is in a paper-making firm, discussing flapper beads with Mr. L. Hegarty





With her was for Tony Rosette, a
dancer. There were five hours of dancing,
from midnight



A cabaret, announced on the programme poster, was given by members of the cast
from *The Boy Friend*, another link with the twenties. Beside the poster: Mr. Nigel
Hill and Miss Enid Pound, who belong to a public-relations firm



300 guests attended this fancy-dress ball.
Among them: Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Kemp



Miss Joy Byrne, who runs a Mayfair hairdresser's,
and Mr. Jack Rix, an assistant producer at Ealing



Mrs. Guy Dixon, daughter of Mrs. A. Taft, and Mr.
Patrick McCoy, Ball vice-chairman, a travel agent

Mr. Dutton, Mr. Gianni Giachin, whose father represents
Pescatini Chemical Co. in Britain, and Mrs. Louise Wood



Mr. Christopher Moore fixed a fancy garter on the leg of Miss Deirdre
Beard; both are with an advertising firm



Desmond O'Neill



ANNA MAGNANI in her latest film. "This superbly vital actress has defeated Hollywood"

CINEMA

Is the earth as flat as this?

ELSPETH GRANT

NOVELTY value was, from the first moment of that much-publicised roller-coaster ride, Cinerama's chief asset—and it was bound to depreciate. It has done so, to such an extent that *Seven Wonders Of The World*—which offers you a trip around the globe by air, with Mr. Lowell Thomas—is scarcely more impressive than an old-time magic lantern lecture. Of course the pictures projected on the triptych-type screen (which still jiggles maddeningly at the joins) are the biggest yet seen in any cinema—but who cares about that? Only, I should say, Mr. Thomas.

He is a great one for statistics and superlatives. He can tell you to the last half-pint how much water tumbles over Niagara Falls every hour—and, in a commentary of awe-inspiring banality, will introduce you to "the oldest living things on earth" (the giant sequoias in California), "the tallest people in the world" (the Watussis of the Belgian Congo), and "the richest man anywhere" (King Saud—whose income is estimated at a million dollars a day).

Mr. Thomas wants you to choose the seven wonders of the modern world, and he submits a wide selection for your inspection. I don't quite see how the mountain railway at Darjeeling qualifies—but the sequence in which a little train runs away backwards down the track is certainly the jolliest in the long-drawn travelogue. The oddest sequence is one showing small American boys playing baseball at Dhahran while King Saud and thirty of his sons look benignly on. And the most tasteless sequence is set in Jerusalem and has us bowling briskly along the Via Dolorosa—by car to Calvary.

After taking us to Brazil, Africa, India, Japan and Italy (to see the Pope at Rome), Mr. Thomas enthusiastically whirls us back to the United States—where he patriotically prefers to be: there's no place like America. And I should hope not. If that sounds churlish, I trust I may be forgiven on the grounds that I detest air-travel and am still suffering from air-sickness (as I charitably assume it to be) engendered by my prolonged flight in Mr. Thomas's company.

Signorina Anna Magnani might, I feel, be rated one of the wonders of the modern world: this superbly vital Italian actress has defeated Hollywood. Other Continental stars have been known to be groomed and gossiped out of existence in the celluloid city—not so Signorina Magnani. She remains magnificently herself—a strong, vibrant personality, dominating every film in which she appears. She refuses to be glamorized and, as the song crudely puts it,

"she won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls": that's to say, she snubs the columnists who try to pry into her private affairs. I think she is terrific.

In *Wild Is The Wind* she is splendidly partnered by Mr. Anthony Quinn, who plays a prosperous Nevada sheep-farmer—a widower who brings Signorina Magnani to America as his second wife. His first wife was her sister and he seems to take it for granted that she will be as gentle and docile as the woman he lost. He does not understand her impulsive, passionate temperament and though, with clumsy tenderness, he tries to give her everything she wants, he wounds her deeply by his efforts to make her a carbon copy of her dead sister.

Fiercely desiring to be loved for herself, Signorina Magnani finds herself responding to the ardent advances of Mr. Quinn's adopted son. Mr. Anthony Franciosa. They become lovers. Mr. Quinn's anger on discovering this boils up volcanically. Mr. Franciosa, who will never forgive himself for the wrong he has done to the man he has regarded as a father, leaves the farm—and Signorina Magnani, shattered by his desertion, prepares to return to Italy. Mr. Quinn's rage subsides into grief and self-reproach: he begs her to stay with him.

I could not quite believe in the last minute reconciliation, with its optimistic suggestion that they will live happily ever after—but the acting, at least, is entirely convincing throughout and over Signorina Magnani's emotional range I am, as usual, lost in admiration. The Nevada landscape, photographed in black and white, is rugged and beautiful and the film has been impeccably directed by Mr. George Cukor.

Directed by Mr. Basil Dearden, *Violent Playground* is a good, very well-written British film, dealing with the problem of juvenile delinquency in Liverpool. Mr. Stanley Baker plays a detective sergeant who reluctantly accepts an assignment as Juvenile Liaison Officer—the man whose job it is to prevent crime, if possible, by keeping an eye on young miscreants and providing them with new and lawful interests.

While dealing with a pair of sly little six-year-old shoplifters, Mr. Baker meets their decent, hard-working sister, Miss Anne Heywood—and through her, comes into contact with their brother, Mr. David McCallum, leader of a gang of teenaged toughs. A number of fires have been started in the city—and Mr. Baker, though not directly concerned in detection, runs upon a

clue which leads him to believe that Mr. McCallum and his mob are the culprits. He is proved right.

Disturbed while setting fire to a large hotel, Mr. McCallum drives away in a panic, accidentally killing his accomplice. A sinister member of the gang furnishes him with a gun—and, wanted now for manslaughter as well as arson, Mr. McCallum becomes a dangerous armed fugitive. The hair-raising climax to the film appears to have been inspired by the newspaper story of two Italian gunmen who held a crowd of schoolchildren as hostages, threatening to shoot them if the police did not withdraw: mothers of small children will find it particularly agonizing—but should see it, all the same.

You had better, perhaps, brush up on your French a little for *Paris Holiday*—in which the adorable Fernandel, who speaks no English, stars with Mr. Bob Hope, who speaks no French. It would be a pity if you failed to understand Fernandel's share of the dialogue—for he can grow away a wisecrack every bit as expertly as Mr. Hope. Even if you are completely bilingual, you may find it hard to make any sense of the story—some nonsense about a gang of counterfeiters and a missing script, believed to be in Mr. Hope's possession, which could land them in jail. Fernandel ambles amiably through it, rescuing Mr. Hope from his murderous pursuers and the film from collapsing into a flop. Massive Miss Anita Ekberg and neat Miss Martha Hyer, both decoratively gowned by Balmain, are around—I'm not sure why.



BOB HOPE AND ANITA EKBERG co-star with Fernandel in *Paris Holiday*, a bilingual comedy



A RISING TALENT on the screen, Susan Strasberg, who first starred on Broadway, has her biggest cinema role in *Stage Struck*. With her is Henry Fonda, still discussed for his remarkable film *Twelve Angry Men* of which he was co-producer as well as star

What the studios are doing



FAMILIAR TALENT (left) is Victor Mature, not long out of *Zarak* and soon to be seen in another British Army saga, *No Time To Die*. Another familiar talent, Sophia Loren (centre) is with the rocketing newcomer Tony Perkins in the film of Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under The Elms*. (Right) Lana Turner, star of the 1940s, has taken to a matronly role in *Another Time, Another Place*, made partly in Cornwall

RAM GHOPAL, the Indian dancer and mystic, has turned author. He recently published *Rhythm In The Heavens* (Secker & Warburg, 25s.), an account of his travel and dancing experiences in the East



Clayton Evans

BOOK REVIEWS

Texas beyond the oil wells

ELIZABETH BOWEN

WILLIAM HUMPHREY'S *Home From The Hill* (Chatto & Windus, 16s.) is a Texan novel—though here is not the Texas of oil kings, fabulous fortunes, whizzing high doings. This author, born 32 years ago, depicts what were his native surroundings: an old town, out of the world, still ruled by primitive lore, girt by deep forests. Large in the small community looms Wade Hunnicott, landowner—arrogant and magnetic, famed hunter alike of animals and of women. There is Hannah, Wade's dauntless, sturdy, unloved wife; and there is their one son, the adored Theron. The passions of this trio spin the plot. Yet, how so? For, when the story opens, all three Hunnicotts are dead.

Hannah, in a mean coffin, makes her home-coming, to lie in the Hunnicott corner of the graveyard, beneath the stone already bearing her name. And that stone is carved with a date, many years ago: the same May day, 1939, appears on the headstones of her husband and son. When they fell, Hannah virtually died: she has dragged out the rest of her time in a mental hospital. What had been the clash of temperaments, the tragedy, which cost two men their lives, a woman her sanity? Foreshadowed on the first page of *Home From The Hill*, the crisis is only revealed to us on the last. Meanwhile we have watched the characters, all unconscious, advance to the doom which we know awaits them—though neither they nor we know what the doom will be.

A bold method, surely, of story-telling! And one which only a novelist of genius would dare adopt. The danger is, that the first tremendous build-up could be followed by a diminuendo as the story settles into its course, or that the climax might be anti-climatic. Also, an atmosphere of foreboding may act oppressively on the reader's nerves. But Mr. Humphrey is a

writer of genius, who not only surmounts his self-set handicaps but arrives at creating a tragic masterpiece. And be sure, *Home From The Hill* is not an affair purely of gloom and starkness. There is, for one thing, the limpid state of well-being in which the boy Theron grows up: the delights of roving forest and river, his hero-worship of his father, his easy-going companionship with his mother. (The discord between his parents is hidden from him.) Best of all, there are memorable hunting scenes, fraught with momentous excitement, physical poetry.

William Humphrey, I see, is inevitably being compared to William Faulkner. There is, to me, also, much of the nature-magic of Mark Twain. This (which is to be filmed) is his first novel; though he has published short stories in *The New Yorker* and other outstanding American magazines.

A fascinating study of opposite temperaments is provided by Henry James & H. G. Wells (Rupert Hart-Davis, 21s.): for this book consists of letters exchanged, onward from 1898, when the two authors first met, up to 1914, when their quarrel parted them. The editors, Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray, contribute an explanatory introduction.

Is there such a thing as attraction (mental or otherwise) of opposites? The testimony of this volume suggests, "Yes." But it seems, too, that such an attraction must reach a breaking-point. "He bothered me, and I bothered him," was "H. G.'s" obituary on the friendship. Yet its virtue, throughout those 16 years, was a mutual, generous respect. Henry James, ultra-fastidious literary artist, ultra-conservative gentleman of the old school, was drawn to the "angry young man" H. G. Wells then was.

"The colossal dimensions of your Cheek," he wrote, "fails to break the spell. Indeed your Cheek is positively the very sign and stamp of your genius." James not only liked, he revered, in Wells the potential of the great comic genius of Dickens—evident, particularly in the novel *Kipps*.

On his side, Wells revered in James the fine mind, disciplined artistry and well nigh magical powers of evocation. "I wish," wrote Wells, "there was a Public worthy of you—and me." And (with reference to a particular book) "How much will they get out of what you have put in?" This did not prevent Wells from finding James pernicketty and old-maidish in his habits and outlook—which one must fear he was. The correspondence abounds in sheer human comedy. James lived at Rye, Wells most of the time in Sandgate: between them there was nothing but Romney Marsh, but there seem to have been almost insuperable difficulties about crossing it. A Sandgate-Rye train journey took four hours. H. G. Wells loved to bicycle; James did not. . . . Henry James & H. G. Wells may not be everyone's book; but if it is yours, you are lucky!

A delightful Barbara Gooldeen novel *The Linnet In The Cage* (Heinemann, 15s.) has for its subject a recalcitrant daughter and her career mother. Mrs. Moorhampton preferred to shine in the Civil Service, rather than to embrace maternity, consigning young Lisa, her only child, to a series of well-chosen, inhuman schools. Lisa, poor young thing, has been "planned for" as rigidly as a Welfare State. Now, for the first time, she is giving trouble: engaged to a charming, suitable young man, with whom she has been for a holiday in Rome, she discovers she is going to have a baby—result of a premature honeymoon in the Eternal City.

This need not necessarily have been catastrophic: Christopher adores Lisa, will marry her any time. But Lisa's reaction to impending maternity is to break off forthwith her engagement to her child's father! Two agreeable, orthodox, upper-middle-class families, her own and Christopher's, are, accordingly, shaken to the core. Dorothea Moorhampton summons to the conclave her bachelor brother Octavius—poor Uncle Occie, taking out his difficult niece to lunch, and trying to reason with her, provides one of the many subtle comedy scenes in *The Linnet In The Cage*. For this in the happiest sense is a "light" novel, in which the situation, at every stage, is handled with kindly and smiling skill. The reason for Lisa's "awkward" attitude emerges; and it is truly convincing. And Lisa herself, as a guileless 20-year-old, is one of the most winning figures in recent fiction. In appeal, all the same, she is run close by Gwen, dear Uncle Occie's dear cosy friend. . . . I take off my hat to Miss Gooldeen for this gay, wise and intensely readable story.

An engrossing American detective story by Doris Siegel *How Still My Love* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is set in the alluring, tricky Deep South. Katie LeGant, by her marriage, became involved with the fortunes, including the hates and loves, of her husband's ancient Georgia family: now, a girl widow of 22, she is taking plane from Nevada, where she belongs, to cope (as it proves) with a string of revenge slayings. Happily for Katie, Harlan Bennett, a strong-in-the-arm New Yorker, falls for her on the plane, and pursues her South in time to effect a rescue she truly needs. Love-interest somewhat blurs the plot, but *How Still My Love* comes off as dramatic reading.

The horse in painting history



ARTISTS have long found fascination in depicting the horse. The ancient Greeks achieved a measure of realism, but the art became lost and in modern times even the greatest masters often painted horses without regard to equine anatomy. At one stage, David Livingstone-Learmonth writes in his new book *The Horse In Art*, the horse became "more of an heraldic sign than an animal of any known species".

This fine print is one of a hundred plates in the book (The Studio Publications, 42s.), which covers the history of the horse in painting from early times. It is by Francis Sartorius (1735-1804) and is titled: *White William by Tartar, the property of Nicholas Smythe Esq., with two foxhounds, Captain and Willy, and a terrier.*



Halls—Addison. Dr. James Halls, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Halls, of Highfield Avenue, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, was married to Miss Cynthia Mary Addison, only daughter of Colonel P. H. Addison (late I.M.S.) and Mrs. Addison, of Harrow, Middlesex, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Cheney—Alexander. Mr. Richard Cheney, son of Brigadier and Mrs. J. N. Cheney, of Great Missenden, Bucks, was married to Miss Carolyn Alexander, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. N. B. Alexander, of Chesham, at St. Mary's, Chesham, Bucks

Wedding Days



Rogers—Parry. The wedding took place of Mr. John Cannington Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Cannington Rogers, of Southampton, to Miss Bridget Parry, daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Parry and Mrs. H. S. Parry, of Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, at Christchurch, Salisbury

Hutchinson—Manclark. Mr. Henry Oliphant Hutchinson, son of the late Col. R. G. Hutchinson, and of Mrs. Hutchinson Bradburne, of Cunnoquhie, Fife, married Miss Elizabeth Manclark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. McKinnon Manclark, of Haddington, E. Lothian, at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh

Walker—Radford. Lt.-Com. Timothy R. Charles Walker, R.N., of Thurloe Sq., Kensington, second son of Major E. Walker, of Ol-Jore-Orok, Kenya, and the late Mrs. Walker, married Miss Dilys V. Radford, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. V. D. Radford, of Purse Caundle, Dorset, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Gibson—Mellotte. Mr. Philip G. Gibson, only son of Mr. Harold Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, of Crumpets, Lytchett Matravers, Dorset, married Miss Margaret Elizabeth Mellotte, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Mellotte, of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place



SPRING FASHION SECTION

Continental
couture
for London
stores

Photographs by
Michel Molinare



NEW ITALIAN HOUSES that showed their Collections for the first time at the Hotel Excelsior in Rome this spring included Luciani, of the Via due Macelli. Their designer, as with many Italian houses, is a woman—Rosanna Pistolese. Her success was spontaneous. This original Luciani model is a two-piece in fine navy wool. A tunic with a cross-over toga effect at the back is worn over a close-fitting skirt. It can be bought in London at Woolland's Boutique department (price: 69 gns.)

Photographed on the rooftop of the celebrated Italian painter
Giorgio de Chirico's flat in the Piazza d'Espagna, Rome

SPRING FASHION SECTION**When sunshine
summons**

To show a holiday tan to its best advantage Polly Peck's short evening dress of heavy needlerun lace with its plunging back-line is belted and high to the neck in front. At Harrods, London, and Kendal Milne, Manchester.

Price : 12½ gns.

Bare shoulders are practical as well as decorative throughout the hot Italian summer and brilliant colour can meet the challenge of undiluted sunshine. Polly Peck's white satin cotton dress is splashed with dark red roses, the skirt tiered, the waist trimmed with a bow. At Chanelle, Knightsbridge, and Werff Bros. (11 gns.)





Michel Molinare

FOR HOLIDAYS in the sun, Horrockses Rhododendron printed cotton is pretty enough for dancing throughout a hot Italian night. The background is the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. Obtainable at Chanelle, Knightsbridge and Bournemouth; also Vogue of Cambridge. The price is 12½ gns.

IN FLORENCE the Marchese Emilio Pucci designs, in his fourteenth-century Palazzo, resort clothes that are now famous throughout the world. From his new collection photographed outside the bronze doors of the Duomo close to the Via Pucci is this dress of white silk printed with heraldic emblems of the City of Florence. The dress and many models from the Pucci Collection will be at Woollands in April

Michel Molinaro



SPRING FASHION SECTION

The Paris Look is here

Barely were last month's Paris Collections described to the world before many English wholesale manufacturers produced adaptations of the leading couturiers' most successful models. Reflections (sometimes, alas, a little indistinct) of Dior, Cardin, Guy Laroche, Balmain, etc., are already on sale in London and other big cities. These pages present some of the best examples of Paris (made in England).

This up-to-the-minute suit (*top right*) is, of course, short-skirted, with jacket loose-fitting and waist-length. Grayson's version in black-and-white crepe-worsted, trimmed with black satin buttons and bow, is at Farrods, London, Cresta, Manchester, and Werff, Birmingham (price 14½ gns.). Gloves by Pinkham.

Large houndstooth checks were all the rage in the Paris Collections. Marcus use the design in a woven cotton two-piece, black on white. With its threequarter coat (not shown here) it costs 21½ gns. at Debenham and Freebody, Cavendish House, Cheltenham, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Hat by Edward Harvane. Cascade of pearls by Adrien Mann.



A two-tone court shoe in white (*top*) with combinations of green, coffee or cream. It is a Christian Dior shoe, designed by Roger Vivier, with the new wedge toe. At Harvey Nichols, London, and McDonalds, Glasgow (8½ gns.). (*Bottom*) In black and gunmetal as well as pastel shades, a leather court shoe with gathered vamp. Made by Lotus, it is obtainable at all their London and provincial branches (79s. 11d.)



The loose easy line, now firmly established, is translated in navy wild silk by Sutin (*above*). The dress has the *trompe l'oeil* effect of an overdress. At Liberty's, Regent Street, budget department, and at Marshall & Snelgrove, County Shops, approx. 17 gns. Necklet by Adrien Mann. Hat by Edward Harvane

Classic court shoe with a difference. Made by Lotus in black leather interlaced with white. Price: 5 gns. Available at Lotus's London shops only



Polly Peck's bloused back shirtmaker dress in nylon chiffon has the huge houndstooth checks that were seen everywhere in Paris in the same azure blue as has been chosen here. Available in April at Harvey Nichols' Little Shop and County Clothes, Cheltenham. Price: 9 gns.

The Bally shoe is in beige leather, trimmed with white. Also obtainable in black patent, blue and white, and plain white. At Fanchon, Old Bond Street. Price: 9 gns.

The easy-fitting theme



The chemise dress is to stay in this summer. For hot weather nothing could be more comfortable or easy to wear. Made of an olive-green printed surah, this Frank Usher dress (*below*) sells for only 5½ gns. at Wakeford's, King's Road, Chelsea, and Chancery, Leeds. Hat by Edward Harvane

The shoe, a Christian Dior original model designed by Roger Vivier in Paris, will shortly be manufactured here to retail at about 8 gns. The toe remains as chiselled and pointed as ever



Fine black wool is used by London Town for this dress with the high bust line indicated by a rose. At the back, interest is created by a loose back panel falling in gathered folds from the neckline. At Cresta, Bond Street, Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester. Price about 19 gns. Jewellery by Adrien Mann

Christian Dior-Delman shoe designed by Roger Vivier, showing his "Pied de Biche" line. Red satin with gold strass heel

Photographed at Gallery Obelisk
15 Crawford St., London, W1



SPRING FASHION SECTION

Interchange
for extra sparkle

These Wetherall clothes are designed on the sound principle that a well-dressed woman builds up for herself an interchangeable wardrobe. Their colours marry happily and the silk blouse and skirt can ring the changes with the cashmere suit which can alternatively be worn with the top coat.

The off-white pure Cashmere Raglan coat is lined with scarlet Tiecil and worn with a matching hat. Prices: £52 10s. and £6 16s. 6d. respectively. The Tiecil blouse (£6 16s. 6d.) and pleated skirt (£8 18s. 6d.) team up with the lining of the coat.

The Cashmere suit (*opposite*), also in off-white, is topped with a Tiecil beret which can be used as an alternative choice with the coat. The suit costs £31 10s., the beret £2 12s. 6d.

The Cashmere and Tiecil clothes can also be obtained in ice, snuff, maize, green and red.

ACCESSORIES: The red leather saddle bag costs £5 15s. 6d., and the Hermes silk square "Harnais a l'Anglaise" £6 6s. All these from Wetheralls.

Photographs by
Brien Kirley

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





SPRING FASHION SECTION

This is Trapeze

The much-discussed Trapeze line, which dominated the collection of Yves St. Laurent at Dior's, has speedily found its way to England. Here is the "little girl" look in all its apparent simplicity, photographed in Grosvenor Square. Made by Koupy in yellow boucle tweed, it can be bought in Harrods' Budget department and at County Clothes, Cheltenham. Price: £10 2s. 6d.

Hat by Edward Harvane



When Paris goes to the head it is often in a swirl of tulle or organza. Seen in the collection of Pierre Cardin, these hats in pastel colours and delicate fabrics are indicative of the models that will be worn this summer



25 YEARS
OF FASHION

Good Travellers *by* **Moorcott**

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100%

Pure Camel

Coats to play their part
perfectly all through the year.
100% pure camel hair styled in
the classic manner, with raglan
sleeves, handsome leather
buttons. Hips 36"-42". Short,
average and tall fittings.
5' to 6' 2". **15 gns**

"I ALWAYS GO TO

peter Robinson

LONDON, W.1.

(OXFORD CIRCUS & LEICESTER SQ.)

FIRST!"



Lizard-skin handbag, mink shade (£18 18s.), with French kid gloves (£2 17s. 6d.), necklace of multi-coloured beads (£2 10s.), blue-bead-and-pearl rope (£3 10s.) and pearl-and-dark-bead rope (£3 3s.) Woollands

SHOPPING

To go with a new outfit

Collapsible make-up tray (17s. 6d.) unties at the corners, and lies flat for packing. The preparations shown are extra. Obtainable from Elizabeth Arden

Dennis Smith



Silk square, with hand-rolled edge and Siamese cat design. £2 12s. 6d. at Woollands, Knightsbridge



Blue nylon make-up cape (one guinea). For nightwear a mob cap (17s. 6d.), blue mules (£5 7s. 6d.). All from Elizabeth Arden



"Touch and Go" umbrella can be opened and closed with one hand—the only one with this feature. Available in different colours and with two types of handle. Nylon cover £3 15s., rayon £3 9s. 6d. Leading stores

One of the new cardigan-line jackets
from the superb Holyrood range
of dresses, jersey suits, sweaters,
cardigans and twinsets
About 79/6

The
cardigan
craze
by **Holyrood**

BEAUTY

Colouring-up for spring

JEAN CLELAND

JUST in time for The TATLER Spring Fashion Number comes news of some exciting preparations and cosmetics, as fresh as crocuses on the lawn; as cheerfully bright too, if the new lipsticks are anything to go by. There is quite a crop of these and, as they are all created to go with the new dress colours, they are worth considering.

Lipsticks are important—more so this year than ever, because they add a look of gaiety to the mouth, which is just what is needed to go with the very youthful looking fashions. Cosmeticians must have glimpsed the future to have been ready to meet the needs so promptly.

First let me tell you of something quite new. This is what is called a treatment lipstick, and is made by Charles of the Ritz. It is, they tell me, the first one of its kind to be introduced in this country, and is different because it not only colours the lips, but “treats” them as well. If they are rough it softens and smooths them, and if there are any of those little splits which some people suffer from in the cold weather, it heals them up. By the addition of an acid-pH factor and a moistening agent, the treatment lipstick maintains the normal acid balance of the lips, and also protects them against the drying effects of wind, sun, and extremes of temperature. It comes in four shades, the names of which aptly describe their true colours—coral, true red, pastel and rose, and all these harmonize with Charles of the Ritz basic rouge shades.

Those who want something a little brighter and livelier than a pale pink, yet softer than a red, will find what they are looking for in Lenthéric's

latest lipstick colour, which they have christened Sheer Pink. This seems to be one of those accommodating shades that goes well with all blues and blacks, and also with beige and mushroom. When in doubt, therefore, play trumps and wear Sheer Pink.

Lastly, an exciting kind of lipstick from Goya called Kiss Again, which, owing to a new pigment, has chameleon-like attributes. Red, with a touch of flame, it was specially designed to go with the new fashion colours out this year. Worn with true red, it looks richly red, but if put on when flame is worn, it takes up this shade and turns itself to flame. It is now on the market, and can be had in a choice of Goya's famous cases; the Theatre case, the Golden case, and the Swivel case.

When Helena Rubinstein makes another of her spectacular advances in the science of skin care, it commands attention. Not so long ago when she was over here, I went along to Grafton Street, to talk with her about her latest anti-wrinkle treatment which she calls Turgosmon. What she had to say interested me deeply, and I was not at all surprised to hear of the enormous success this treatment was already enjoying in America. Now, with the advent of the short skirts, and the little girl hats, Turgosmon is, I feel, something for which many of us over here will be grateful. Youthful fashions demand youthful faces, and if we can find a way to smooth out the odd wrinkle, and take a few years off the looks, it is all to the good. As Madame Rubinstein explained, the word Turgosmon is formed from “turgo” and “osmo.” Turgo is the pressure *within* the cells of the skin, and osmo, the pressure acting against the outside walls of the cells. When massage is done with the Turgosmon cream, a gentle pressure takes place that coaxes the pores to open and assimilate the rich and vital ingredients of the cream. At the same time, moisture is drawn up to the surface, thus strengthening the contours and smoothing and rounding out the surface of the skin.

In addition to the cream, there are three other preparations in this new Rubinstein treatment. A liquid cleanser which is an emulsion containing the same properties as the cream, a mask which prepares the way for the full treatment, and makes the skin receptive, and a foundation which helps the Turgosmon action to continue throughout the day beneath the make-up. Madame Rubinstein herself says the treatment is not cheap (round about £8 8s. for all four preparations), but when you think what you spend on one new frock, it seems to me to be little enough for a new face to go with it.

A correspondent who suffers from occasional rheumatic stiffness has asked me for advice. Various well-known spas are famous all over the world for their curative baths. While these, by reason of their special water—like the hot springs that bubble up in the meadows of Wiesbaden—are of tremendous value to sufferers from different kinds of rheumatism, there is no doubt that considerable benefit, too, can be had from baths taken at home.

Salts of different kinds and special preparations can be added to the water, and these, by drawing out acidity, help to relieve aches and pains, and ease stiff joints. There are many well-known makes that have proved effective, among them Luma, Radox, Reudel Salts, and Celavita which also has reducing properties. Some act better for one person than another, and the best thing to do is to try them out—not too expensive a plan—and see for yourself which suits you best.

Finally, did you know that, in Victorian days, lettuce was considered to have a very beneficial effect on the skin? Today we can get Pinaud's famous lettuce soap, “Pinaud Savon Sue de Laitue,” and I must say that it is not only very refreshing, but beautifully soothing, leaving the skin remarkably soft and smooth.



Xavier of Knightsbridge has designed this Egyptian pyramid hair style. Smoothly contoured at the back (above) it has a double crown, and in front an intriguing fringe is formed

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Austin's Gipsy is the latest all-purpose four-wheel drive vehicle. With 23 cu. ft. of cargo space, it can seat up to six, using the occasional ones on the tool lockers in the rear. The price is £650 (petrol) £755 (diesel)

MOTORING

The Gipsy rides on rubber

OLIVER STEWART

A VEHICLE with eight forward speeds, rubber suspension and four-wheel drive ought to be—and I think is—news. It is the Austin Gipsy and a fascinating demonstration of its all-purpose powers was given on the testing ground near Ascot. The company says that it is "the first vehicle ever produced with independent, trailing-arm, rubber suspension on all four wheels" and, if you wish to be unconventional in the rest of the specification, you can have the 2.2 litre compression ignition (diesel) engine.

The Gipsy is a general-purpose vehicle, well suited to agricultural work. The rubber suspension has a shaft with a trailing arm carrying the wheel. The shaft is housed within a tube and between the two is a filling of pre-compressed rubber. Do I make confusion worse confounded by saying that the springing is thus by torsion tubes of rubber, the rubber being bonded to the shaft and to the housing?

I know it sounds like a description of a spiral staircase; but it is the best I can do without my blackboard. One of the advantages of this suspension is that it requires no maintenance.

In appearance the Gipsy is appropriately austere. It has a cargo compartment with a hinged and removable tailboard or it can provide room for six people.

My friends of the Austin company will, I know, forgive me for niggling about their conversion figures; but I would point out that, if the cargo

capacity is, as they say, 0.7 cubic metres that would mean 24.7 cubic feet and not 23.5. Alternatively if it is 23.5 cubic feet, it would be 0.66 cubic metres. I bring that point in as an excuse to compliment the company upon including metric figures. All manufacturers wishing to sell in the export markets of the world today should include these figures. To stick to British Imperial measures—feet and yards and so on—is to reveal an attitude completely out of touch with the times.

Accommodation for yet another trophy had to be found on Stirling Moss's groaning sideboard when, just before the Fangio kidnapping incident, the Royal Automobile Club awarded him the Segrave Trophy. This was for his victories in the British (and European), Italian and Pescara Grand Prix events, and for his 1,500 c.c. records. Moss had already been given the Sir Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy.

Some people collect cups as others catch colds; once the habit is established, there is no stopping it. All of which makes me wonder whether the recipients of these awards would like to have an opportunity of choosing an alternative to a trophy. For some racing drivers I know (but not Moss) a case of whisky or a cabinet of cigars might be preferred to what is called (often deservedly!) an *objet d'art*.

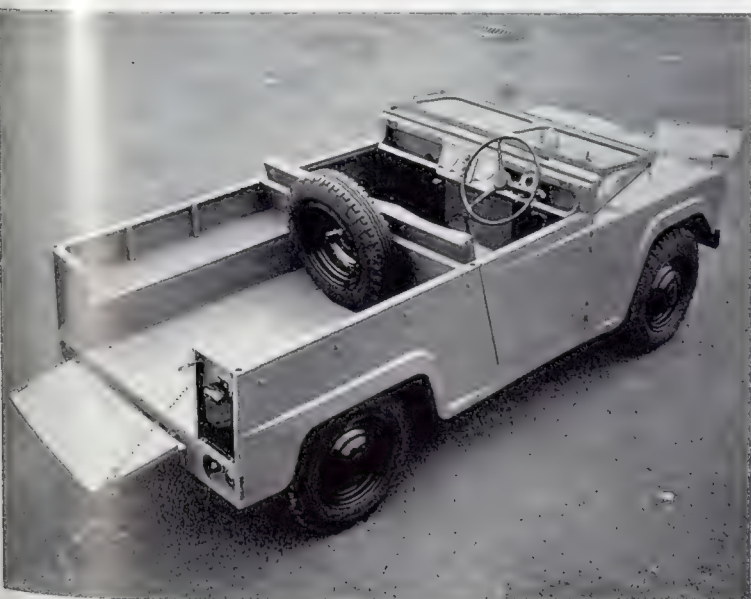
And, by the way, it would be a fine public service if the R.A.C. were to publish a child's guide to the tangled rules of the world championship award. But they would have to keep it to less than three volumes and to avoid the phraseology of the Motor Vehicle (Construction and Use) Regulations.

A model of clarity in this award field is *The Autocar* Formula 2 Championship. It is to be held again this year and the intention is "to encourage the substantial group of potential top-flight drivers who, because of the cost and general restrictions of Formula 1 racing, seldom get the chance to drive the Grand Prix cars."

Mr. C. E. Wallis presented the Formula 2 Trophy, silver salver and (a good competitor to the *objet d'art* surely) a cheque for 200 guineas to A. E. Marsh. Mr. Wallis also gave plaques and cheques to Roy Salvadori and J. Brabham. They came second and third in the championship.

Perhaps the fate of those who wish to park their cars in London is not yet sealed. I detected a note of conciliation towards those who advocate the Paris disc system in the Minister of Transport's words the other day. The basic difference between the Paris system and the parking-meter system planned for London is that the disc admits that a motor-car is a thing which, if it is to be useful, must occasionally stop. It recognizes that perpetual motion is a futile form of transport. But it seeks to restrict the parking time and to eliminate the all-day parker.

The meter, on the other hand, seeks to make the motorist pay for stopping, just as he is already made to pay for going. It is in itself expensive and it is the cause of expense in others. It is ugly and it is an obstruction on the footpath. But there is, of course, a tendency for all government departments to prefer the complicated to the simple, the expensive to the cheap and the ugly to the good looking. The road furniture of our cities testifies in vivid terms to the last point.



The windscreen, which folds flat, has two panels. A ventilating louvre is at the bottom of the window frame. Eight forward speeds and rubber suspension are built in



Miss Elisabeth J. Spinney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Spinney, Kyrenia, Cyprus, has announced her engagement to Captain John Douglas Slim, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, only son of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Slim, of Government House, Canberra, Australia

They are engaged



Miss Janet Diones De Pree, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Hugo De Pree, of Forstal, Biddenden, Kent, is engaged to Capt. James Malcolm Glover, the Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Major-Gen. Malcolm Glover (Retd.), formerly D.A.-G. Indian Army, and Mrs. Glover, of Donnybrook, Charlton Avenue, Walton-on-Thames



Miss Pamela Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Sharp, Autumn Cottage, Ledborough Wood, Beaconsfield, is engaged to Mr. Richard Campbell Rothery, the Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria's), son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rothery, Rycroft, Birbeck Road, Stoke Bishop, Bristol




Miss Victoria Mary Rose Buxton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Buxton, of Galhampton Manor, Yeovil, Somerset, announced her engagement recently to Mr. David James Faulkner, Irish Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. W. D. Faulkner, M.C., and of the Countess of Dundee



Miss Jane Green, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Green, of Elmore, Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire, is engaged to Mr. John Nicholl, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. Vincent Nicholl, and of Mrs. Robert Bartlett, of Barkston Gdns., Earl's Court



The Hon. Virginia Harcourt, youngest daughter of Viscount Harcourt, Culross St., W.I., and the Hon. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, of Cavendish Avenue, St. John's Wood, is engaged to Mr. Julian F. Wells, second son of the late Dr. Arthur Q. Wells, and of Mrs. Wells



Troyes

In black, navy,
or white calf. 8 guineas



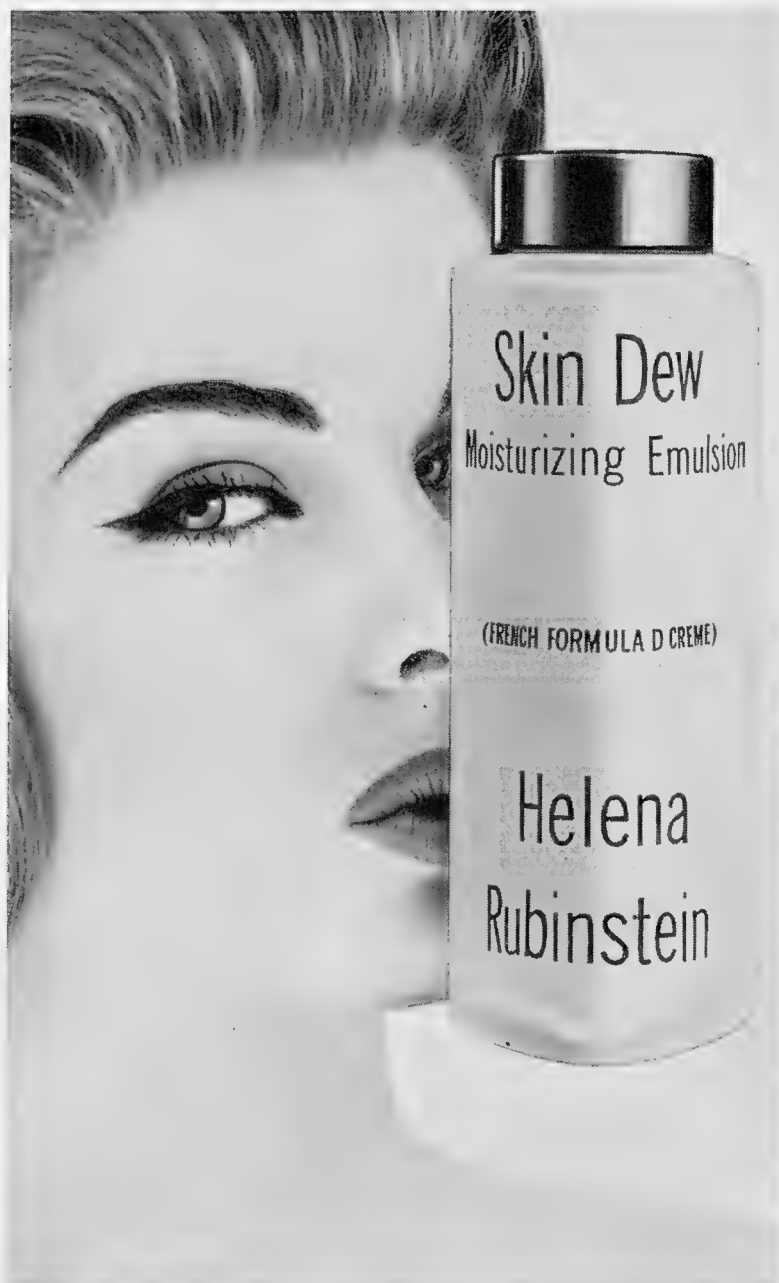
Celimene

New profile shoe in black calf,
black suede, beige kid, all with black patent,
and in navy calf with white.
9 guineas

Bally

of Switzerland

FANCHON, 30 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1



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HOW CAN YOU keep your complexion forever fresh, forever dewy? ... with SKIN DEW, Helena Rubinstein's new, creamy moisturizing emulsion. SKIN DEW is scientifically formulated with 'ferments lactiques' to replenish vital inner moisture, maintain the healthy acid balance of the outer skin. It melts away dryness, smooths out tiny lines—protects your skin from blemishes and all impurities. Use SKIN DEW every day under your normal make-up or on its own as a young-skin foundation. It sinks right into your skin in seconds, leaves no sign of grease... protects and moisturizes your skin right through the day. Smooth it on, too, when you go to bed—to continue its youthifying work, right round the clock. SKIN DEW guards your skin unceasingly against dryness and flaking—keeps your complexion soft and dewy the whole day through. 25/-.

Helena Rubinstein, 3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 · PARIS · NEW YORK

DINING IN

Some off-beat vegetables

HELEN BURKE

FOR many of us, the present period is the doldrums of fresh vegetables. Certainly, the cabbage family is plentiful—with the exception of Brussels sprouts which are now on their way out—and broccoli should be good. But many of us cannot do with any brassica more than once a week and so look out for other vegetables to fill the gap.

First which comes to mind is sea kale, forced and so delicately flavoured that one wonders why it is not nearly so popular as it should be. Let us agree that, sometimes, it is a little on the ragged side. Choose it carefully, tie it into neat bundles, and cook for the minimum of time in salted water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Then drain it well, and serve on a linen cloth, with melted butter—or, for the more sophisticated, Hollandaise sauce—passed with it. So treated, it can be an "event," worthy of appearing as a separate course. This serving of vegetables by themselves should be encouraged, especially when the family does not go in for sweets.

From the can and the frozen-food cabinet we can select some special "greens." I shall omit peas and French beans because we are offered them so often that we are apt to use them almost to the exclusion of other worthy ones. Take, for instance, broad beans, canned or frozen.

This is the time of year when a nice piece of "boiled" bacon, streaky smoked or "green," goes down so well, and what better with it than broad beans? Make a good white sauce, lace it with freshly chopped parsley (which has been plentiful this winter), heat the drained or defrosted beans in it, and serve.



Beetroot is a vegetable which, in some homes, is regarded only as something to serve (in vinegar) with cold meats. Very pleasant it is but, hot in a clear or white sauce, it is also surprisingly good. Here is a friend's way: drain the juice from a large can of sliced beetroot and cut the slices into Julienne strips. Add a dessert-spoon of golden syrup to the

juice and thicken the sauce with a good teaspoon of arrowroot. Heat through. Add 2 dessertspoons of white vinegar and bring to the boil. Heat the beetroot in the sauce and finish with a tablespoon or two of double cream.

A more simple dish is to drain a can of "baby" beetroots (reserving the juice for beetroot consommé). Make a good white sauce, flavoured with a finely chopped shallot. Turn the beetroot into it and heat through.

For the consommé: add a halved onion and a can of consommé to the beetroot liquor and heat through, without boiling. Just before serving, add a teaspoon or so of tarragon vinegar, remove the onion and, if you like, pass some soured cream with the clear soup.

Leeks are another vegetable we might make something of. Cut off the green ends and reserve them for soup. Cut through the remainder almost to the ends and wash out any grit. Tie and boil for 20 to 25 minutes in salted water. Remove ties and drain the leeks. Place in a gratin dish, cover with a good white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with butter and brown under the grill.

Cold cooked leeks, with vinaigrette sauce, make a delicious course "on their own."

One wonders why we so seldom braise Belgian endive (chicory). Blanch a pound of it in slightly lemons water, to retain the colour and disperse any slight bitterness. Place in a casserole with a pinch of grated nutmeg and pepper and salt to taste. Add about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint consommé (failing a good stock, use a bouillon cube and water) and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Cover down with buttered greaseproof paper and gently cook for an hour in a slowish oven (350 deg. F. or gas mark 3 to 4). Turn the endives after 20 minutes' cooking. Blend a small half-teaspoon arrowroot with 2 to 3 tablespoons of consommé. Bring to the boil and pour over the endives during the last 10 minutes.

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M. ALEJANDRO CASSINELLO, director of La Riva Sherries, joins
 M. Andre Simon, the gourmet, Mr. Jack Finney, director of Pimms,
 and M. A. Ponelle for dinner at the Connaught Rooms, Carlos Place

DINING OUT

A London borough's wine fair

I. BICKERSTAFF

I ATTENDED the Wine Fair at the Chelsea Town Hall organized by the Mayor, Alderman Basil Marsden-Smedley. The Lord Mayor of London was one of the guests, and over fifty wines were available from ten different countries, all in the low or medium priced class.

The Mayor explained that an object of the fair was to show "that good wine can be drunk regularly, and not just on occasions, without extravagance." The fair proved this point.

While walking round the stalls I suddenly realized what an immense number of restaurants and inns, hotels, wine bars, and the like there are in the Chelsea district, for I kept on meeting their owners, directors, managers, head waiters, barmen or chefs.

The first person I saw was Mr. Robin Humphreys, who for so long has been "Master" of the Antelope Tavern in Eaton Terrace, a fashionable rendezvous for a gay and friendly crowd of people who enjoy good food and wine.

Wine is a hobby with Mr. Humphreys. Besides selling it, he loves it, has great experience of it and a fine cellar. The prices at the table are reasonable and, of course, even less at his wine shop which is attached to the tavern. It can be bought by the glass for as little as 2s. 3d., or by the half-carafe from 5s. 6d.; most unusual is that you can get Chateau d'Yquem by the glass at 4s. 6d.

They provide a three course lunch or dinner at 8s. 6d. or 11s. 6d., things like smoked salmon, of course, being extra. The emphasis is on first-class English food such as roast pork and apple sauce, roast beef, roast duck and grilled steaks, the quality and cooking being to a high standard.

Much nearer the town hall is La Boheme, which is directed by M. Chrysanthos Demetriou and can best be described as a Greek restaurant specializing in Oriental and Continental dishes.

Recently I went to a party there for the purpose of launching "Zaladina a la Demetriou" which is a national Greek delicacy. Apparently you boil a pig's head, remove all the meat, add all sorts of spices—bitter orange, peppercorns—boil them all up again, pour it into a mould and there you are with something that looks like a well-jellied brawn. Anyway the result was delicious. I shall get the exact recipe from M. Demetriou, buy a pig's head, and deliver both to my colleague Helen Burke so that she may be able to tell you the best way to do it, all the ingredients required, and her opinion of the result.

Apart from many unusual specialities on the menu at La Boheme there are seven Greek wines available such as a dry white called the Duke of Sparta at 18s.; Kokkinellim, a Dry Rose at 18s., and also a Mavro Daphne which they describe as "old high strength and sweet" at 25s. You might start off with a good strong Greek aperitif Ouzo, a sort of pastis, clear as water until you add water to it when it turns to a cloudy white, in the same way as Pernod turns a cloudy pale green.

You get a lot of personal attention at La Boheme, and if you want to say "Good health" or "Here's how" in Greek, "Aieva" is as near as I can get to it.



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A hunt steeplechase in Cambridgeshire



Mr. and Mrs. David Cherry were two of the large crowd. Six events were on the race card



Miss Pepi Hanbury with Mr. F. E. Harvey of Bishop's Stortford, who won the Adjacent Hunts' event



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The 1958 season...



May 6th.



*



June 17th-20th

July 4th-5th



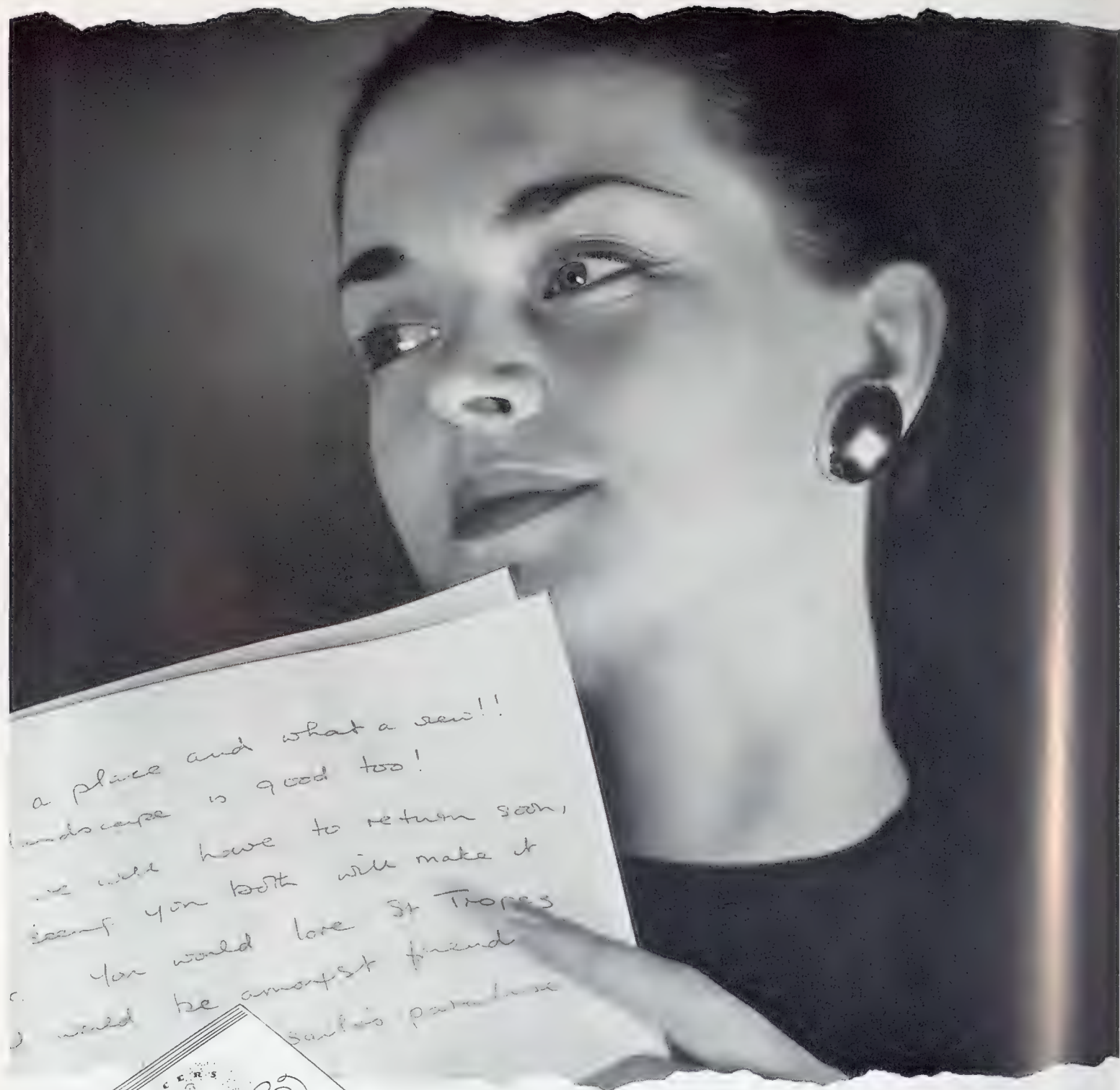
July 2nd-5th

July 29th.-Aug 1st.



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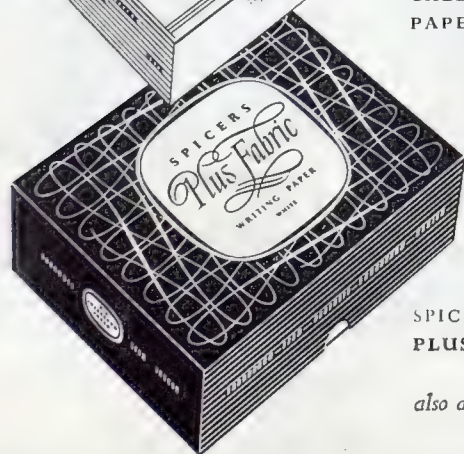
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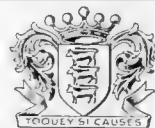


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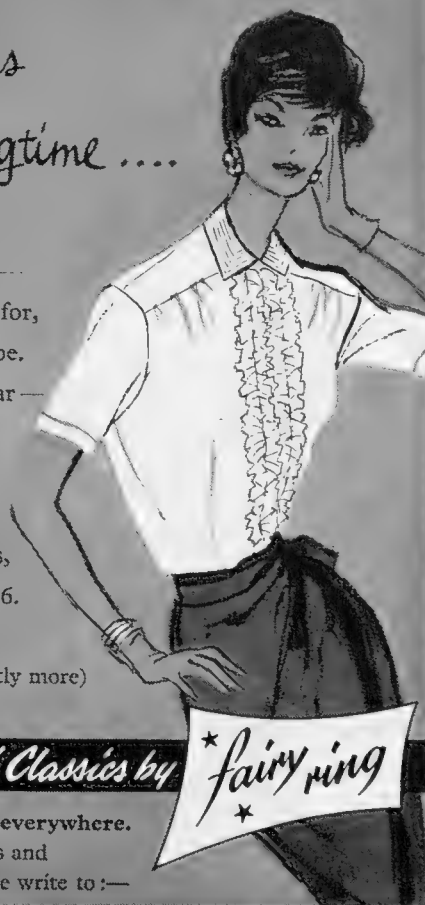
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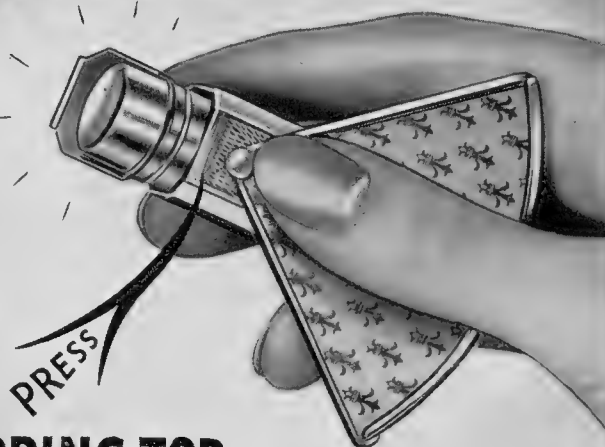


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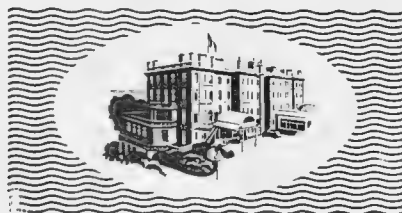
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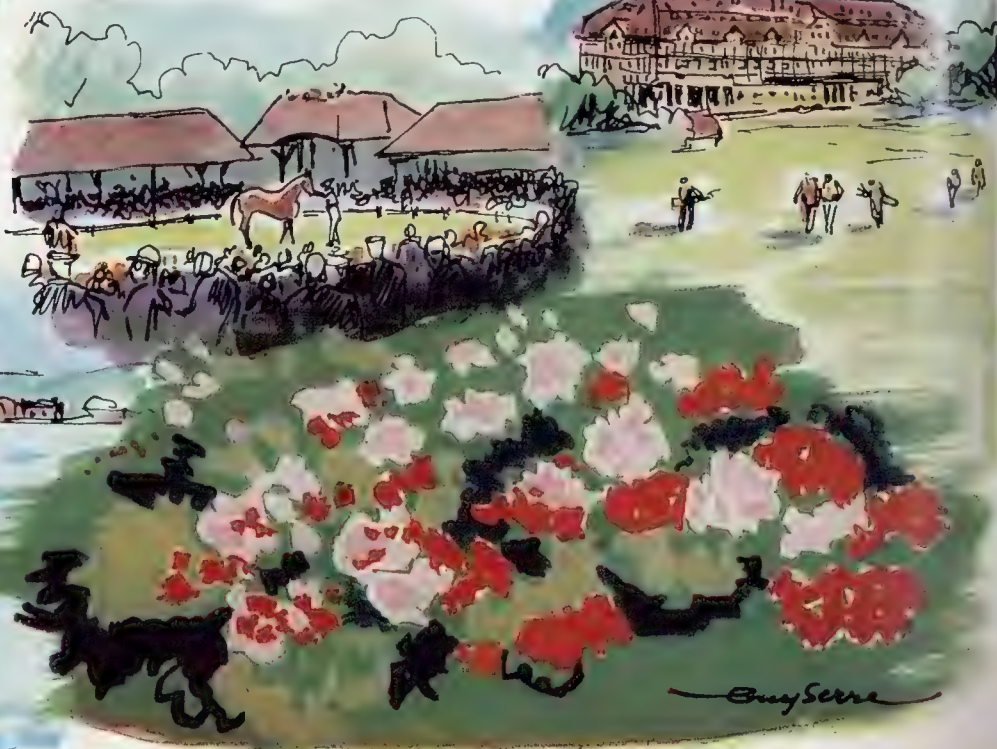
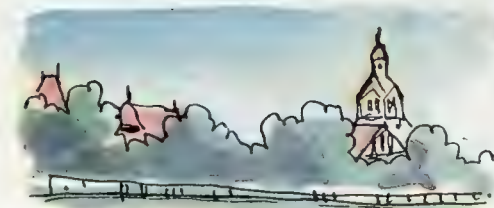
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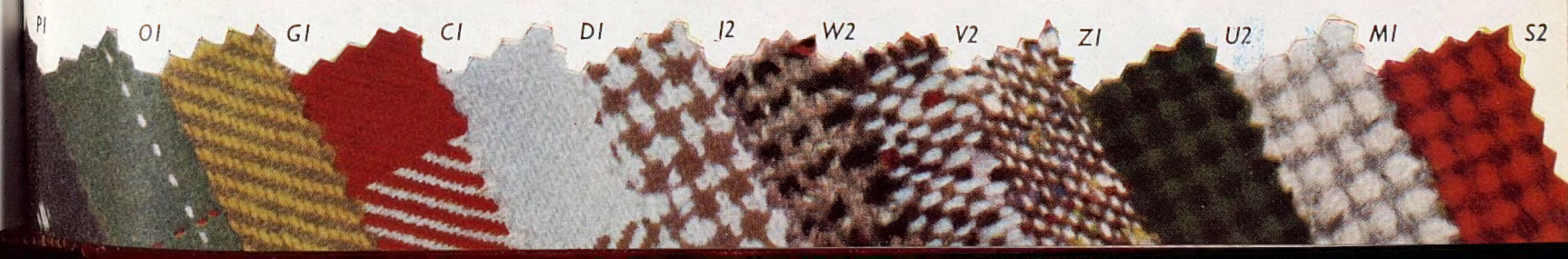
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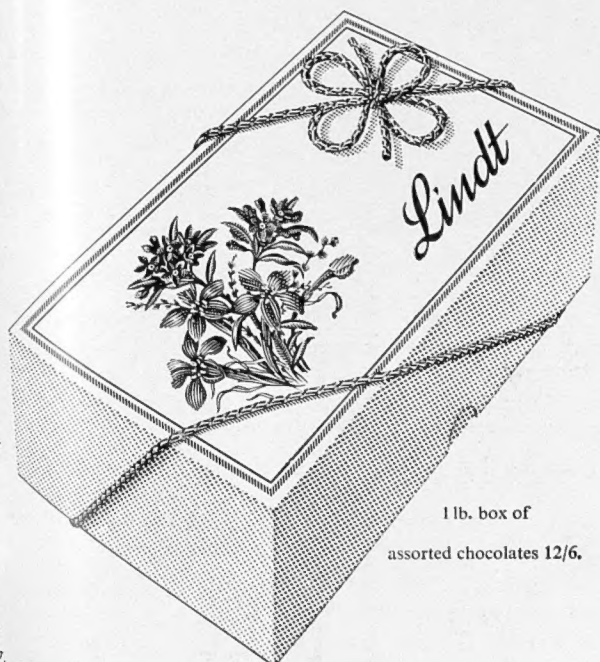
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